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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1846. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

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PRESBYTERIANISM IN IRELAND.

We do not know whether this subject is so interesting to others as it may be to ourselves, but we have been so much pleased with several articles upon it in the Irish Unitarian Magazine, that we cannot help transferring a few paragraphs to our own columns. Wentworth, it will be remembered, was afterwards the Earl of Strafford and beheaded in the reign of Charles I.

"By a Convocation of the Clergy, held in Dublin, in the year 1634, the Articles of the Irish Church had been moulded into conformity with those of the English Establishment, through the tyranny of Wentworth and the dexterity of Bramhall; and, at his first visitation, in the month of July following his appointment, Leslie commanded the attendance of all his clergy, and required their subscription to the new Canons.—With this requisition, Brice of Ballycarry, Bridge of Antrim, Calvert of Oldstone, Cunningham of Holywood, and Hamilton of Ballywalter, peremptorily refused to comply. Though irritated by their "obstinacy," Leslie was sufficiently aware of their talents and popularity to be anxious to retain them in the Church. He, therefore, restrained his passion, assumed an air of kindness, and invited them to a private conference, "in the hope of overcoming their scruples." Failing to shake their resolution, he convened a special assembly of his Clergy, at Belfast, on the 10th of August, where he preached from Matt. xviii. 17—"But if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." The Text sufficiently indicates the character of the Sermon, which was afterwards published, and which remains until the present day, a standing monument of prelatic insolence, assumption, and intolerance. Its main object was to assert the power of the Church to decree rites and ceremonies, and to denounce the Presbyterian Ministers as schismatic despisers of decency and order. Referring to their reported purpose of returning to Scotland, or emigrating to America, if prevented from preaching, he concluded by addressing them in the following indecent language: "It is said, that when Cain was cast out from the presence of God, that is, from his Church and the place of his worship, he went and dwelt in the land of *Nod*. So you, when you are cast out of the Church, are preparing to go and dwell in the land of *Noddies*, (i. e. Simpletons and Asses,) and it is strange if the sides of one ship can contayne them who cannot be kept within the pale of the Church."

From this Discourse, it was evident that the fate of the recusant Ministers was sealed; but being inflated with personal vanity, and encouraged by the flattery of his partizans, the Bishop had determined to secure his triumph by argument as well as by authority; and, consequently, he challenged them to a public Discussion, in the Church, on the following day. The offer, they joyfully accepted; and Hamilton was chosen by his brethren to manage the debate. A scene so novel and interesting, attracted a great assemblage of all ranks, including the Lords Chichester and Claneboy. Leslie, expecting an easy victory, displayed considerable suavity and moderation, and Hamilton proved himself an expert controversialist, as well as thoroughly acquainted with the Sacred Scriptures. Bramhall, who was present, had from the first, entirely disapproved of established orthodoxy condescending to debate with schismatic heresy; and the progress of the discussion did not tend to alter his opinion. He saw clearly, that, on the *Protestant* ground of the sufficiency of Scripture, and the right of individual judgment in its interpretation, his brother Bishop could not maintain the principle of *Church Authority;* and, therefore, after a debate of several hours, he interrupted the conference, which Leslie adjourned until the following day. A few of Bramhall's remarks, during the discussion, will show his spirit; and are worth recording as an evidence of the way in which ecclesiastical power was disposed to deal with the advocates of Christian liberty, and the assertions of the supremacy of God's Word. "My Lord of Down," said he, "in good faith I command your charity but not your wisdom, in suffering such a prattling Jack to talk openly against the orders of the Church." Then turning to Hamilton, who had objected to receiving the Sacrament in a kneeling posture, as tending to idolatry, he exclaimed—"Worship thou the Devil, if thou wilt." When Hamilton pressed the Bishop of Down with another cogent argument, Bramhall vociferated—"It were more reason and more fit, this fellow were whipped than reasoned with! Get him hellebore to purge his brain from madness. Let the fellow sit down, and let another that can reason stand up and argue. Give him Scripture for a peck of oats for his horse!" Such was the vulgar and abusive ribaldry, with which a Bishop of the Established Church assailed a Chrisuan minister, in every sense more respectable than himself, because he had the courage "to keep a conscience," and to repudiate the arbitrary authority of man in the paramount concerns of the soul! The account of the entire Conference would be worth reporting, were it not too long for the mere "Outline" to which I feel myself restricted; and I do not believe, that any impartial man, of any Church ever read it, without being satisfied that Hamilton was triumphantly victorious. Indeed, the result clearly proved, that such was the conviction of the prelatists themselves; for, on the following day, the Bishop declared "that he had gone farther than the law would justify, in allowing a public dispute, and that he must not go on in that kind." He then demanded, finally, "whether they would subscribe the Canons?" And being answered firmly in the negative, he proceeded to pass upon each of them, separately, the sentence of perpetual silence, within the Diocese of Down and Conner." The conclusion of this sad scene was deeply affecting. Sentence being passed, the venerable Robert Cunningham arose, and in solemn accents addressed the Bishop thus: "I have now lived these twenty years amongst you in this kingdom, serving the Lord in his holy ministry; and thought so to have spent out the rest of my days which cannot be long, (for my body is very crazed,) in the same employment. My doctrine and life, for that time, are known to most here present; and I appeal to all their consciences if they can say any thing against me, in either of them. Yea, I have kept me close to the commission of my Lord; but now I am required to receive impositions upon my ministry which are against my conscience. I rather, therefore, lay down my ministry at the feet of my Lord Jesus Christ of whom I did receive it, than to live with an evil conscience, and without free liberty in my calling." "At these words, most of them who were present declared the grief of their hearts by their sad countenance; and divers burst out into weeping, not being able to contain themselves." "I confess," replied the Bishop, "that your life and doctrine have both been good; but the Church hath no need of those who know not how to obey." Having thus spoken, he suddenly left the assembly; and as weeping friends pressed around the noble martyrs, every one felt, that whilst victory was on the side of unjust power, all the glory was on the side of suffering virtue.

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Mr. Brice of Ballycarry, died almost immediately after his deposition: Hamilton, Cunningham, and others, fled to Scotland, where they obtained congregations; and Blair and Livingston determined to join the persecuted English Puritans who had formed a Colony in New England, North America. In this enterprise, they were joined by several laymen of considerable rank and property, who built a vessel, of one hundred and fifty tons burthen, at Groomsport, near Bangor. In this vessel, named *the Eagle-wing*, one hundred and forty persons sailed from Carrickfergus Bay on the 9th day of September, 1636. Livingston gives an account of their voyage; a few portions of which may not be uninteresting. "For some space, we had a fair wind, until we were between three and four hundred leagues from Ireland, and not far from the banks of Newfoundland. But, if ever the Lord spake by his winds and other dispensations, it was evident it was not his will that we should go to New England. For the northwest, which did break our rudder, (which we got mended by the skill and courage of Captain Andrew Agnew, a godly passenger,) with much of our gallonhead, and fore-cross-trees, and tore our fore-sail, and broke a great beam under the gunner-room door. Seas came come over the deck, we sprung a leak, and the Master and company told us it was impossible to hold out any longer. After prayer and much anxious consultation, we all agreed to return; and at last, on the 3d of November, we cast anchor in Loch-Fergus. Our outward means were much impaired by this calamity; but what grieved us most was, that we were like to be a mocking to the wicked. On the contrary, however, the prelates were much dismayed at our return; although neither they nor we knew that, within a year, the Lord would root the Bishops out of Scotland, and soon after, out of England and Ireland also."

Blair and Livingston resumed their private preaching—the former near Belfast, and the latter at his old residence, in Maloae: but they were soon compelled to flee to Scotland, one Frank Hill of Castlereagh, (an ancestor, I presume, of the Marquis of Downshire,) having informed the Lord Deputy of their proceedings.

In the mean time, Wentworth was plundering and oppressing all parties in Ireland, with a remarkable impartiality. He confiscated estates, cast their grumbling overseers into prison, levied taxes as he pleased, established monopolies for his favorites, destroyed the woollen manufacture, encouraged the linen trade, and, in all things, manifested the caprice and tyranny of an irresponsible despot, with all the talents of a great statesman—little dreaming, that by such acts, in addition to his other offences, he was preparing his neck for the block!

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To neutralize the signing of the National Covenant by the Ulster Scotch, Wentworth, or as some aver, Charles himself, devised a plan at once most odious and tyrannical. All persons, male and female, above sixteen years of age, were to be compelled to swear, "that they would never oppose any of the King's commands, and that they abjured all covenants and oaths contrary to this engagement." This abominable, unconditional oath, was called the *Black Oath*, both from its own intrinsic hatefulness, and its deplorable consequences. The nobility, as usual, readily acquiesced in this degradation, at the command of arbitrary power, but the mass of the people, more faithful to principle, refused to take an obligation binding them over, under all circumstances, "to non-resistance and passive obedience." "On such individuals," says Dr. Reid, "the highest penalties of the law, short of death, were unsparingly inflicted. Pregnant women were forced to travel considerable distances, to the places appointed by the Commissioners for taking the oath; and, if they hesitated to attend or scrupled to swear, they were treated in a manner so barbarous, that crowds of defenceless females fled to the woods and concealed themselves in caves, to escape their merciless persecutors. Respectable persons were bound together with chains, and cast into dungeons. Several were dragged to Dublin, and fined in exhorbitant sums; whilst multitudes fled to Scotland, leaving their property to certain ruin. So many of the laboring population left the country, that hands were not found sufficient to gather in the harvest."

These sufferers for conscience' sake were either Scotch by birth or by extraction; and when we consider that their Ministers had been previously banished, and that they had no leaders to guide or encourage them, it is not possible to estimate too highly their unbending integrity and heroic fortitude. The Lords Chichester, Claneboy, and Montgomery of Ards, to whom they naturally looked for shelter and protection, became the base instruments of unjust power—Claneboy, in particular, lending his zealous aid towards coercing and oppressing the people of Killileagh and Killinchy, who had settled under his auspices. He even sent Mr. Bole, the old and blind Minister of Killileagh, a prisoner to Dublin, because he scrupled to take the iniquitous oath himself, or to encourage his people to sin against conscience. It is recorded in an old Manuscript, "that even greater sufferings befel those of the Scottish nation, in the counties of Tyrone and Londonderry, as few of them, at first, had fled to Scotland. On refusing the oath, they had their names returned to Dublin, whence officers were sent to apprehend them. In this way, multitudes suffered imprisonment and ruin; amongst whom was a worthy Lady, named Mrs. Pont, who was confined as a prisoner for three years. Another case still more striking was that of Henry Stewart, a gentleman of property, who was dragged, with his wife, his two daughters, and his man-servant, before the High Commission Court of Star Chamber, in Dublin. Wentworth told him, at his mock trial, that he would drive him and all his kind, root and branch out of the kingdom; and then pronounced what he termed a most lenient sentence, namely, a Fine of £5,000, upon Stewart, £5,000, upon his wife, £2,000 upon each of his daughters, and £2,000, upon his servant. To this infamous sentence, Wentworth added the farther enormity of confining them to prison, at their own cost, until these fines should be paid!"

But, it would be inconsistent with my limited plan, to enter into further details, in relation to this atrocious persecution which would fill a moderate volume—a persecution which compelled the timid to violate conscience, drove thousands from their peaceful homes, and exposed multitudes of the noblest and purest Christians of Ulster, to cruel imprisonment and worldly ruin. Yet, as a reward for such acts, added to his political oppressions, Wentworth was created Earl of Strafford; and appeared to have attained a height of influence and power from which nothing could remove him. Never was there a case, however, in which was more distinctly evidenced the glorious and consolatory truth, "that God maketh the wrath of man to praise him." Presbyterianism, nominally suppressed was only the more fondly cherished in the hearts and homes of the people; whilst the fortitude and sufferings of its bolder advocates cast a lustre over their faith, and manifested its vital and sustaining power. On the other hand, the victims of prelatical persecution, only the more intensely loathed a system which produced such evil fruits; whilst the moderate and conscientious adherents of episcopacy felt the degradation of belonging to a Church which attempted to extend its principles and authority, by means so disgraceful and unchristian. Under the Providence of God, the temporary suppression of liberty and truth is not their annihilation; for, as the sun, after his obscuration by clouds, shines forth with augmented cheerfulness and splendor, so does every good cause acquire, in the end, additional lustre from the foul attempts which are made to destroy it.

THE DEAD YET SPEAKING TO THE LIVING.

Let the child travel to some distant land there to dwell, and what new interest does that fact throw around that land, in his parents' mind. Perhaps before, it was a country of which they never even dreamed. Now their thoughts visit it every hour. Perhaps before, they did not even glance at its history, or notice the news that came from time to time of its condition. Now the merest trifle that relates to it, is eagerly seized and pondered. And why? Because there is a treasure, and where the treasure is there will the heart be also. * * * And is it not even thus with the departure from this world, of those with whom we took sweet counsel, and around whom our tenderest feelings entwined themselves? * * * * Let death enter the dwelling, and lead away one of its inmates: how often seek we to follow him. How often strive we to pierce the veil to catch one glimpse of his new abode, or one tone of his pleasant voice. That far distant land—that better country, is no longer indifferent to us. The horizon of time no longer confines our hopes and fears. The soul no longer rests contented with this narrow earth, but on wings of imagination and faith it strives to soar above, and beyond it, to seek knowledge of the world of spirits. And who can tell the worth of such endeavor! Who can tell how the loss of kindred hath quickened and established a belief in immortality! We may believe that doctrine—we may receive it, in a measure as the guide of our lives. But who that hath followed to the tomb an object of strong regard has not found thereby his interest in the truth, that man never dies, and the tendency of his mind frequently to dwell on the future life greatly increased! Next to our own approaching dissolution there is nothing that so persuasively speaks to us, of an hereafter as the silent voice that comes to the soul from the tomb of the beloved. Nor is this all. It is not simply by often drawing us off from the contemplation of earthly, to the contemplation of eternal things, that bidding adieu to dear companions for the rest of this life assures us of another life to come, it also calls upon the *affections* to advocate with almost resistless power the immortality of man. The *heart* must believe as well as the reason before any doctrine receives our full assent. And will the *heart* as we stand over the cold frame of its most cherished object hear of a doubt whether or no the spirit that once inspired that frame yet lives! Can you convince the mother that the babe she bore, the child she watched, the youth she guided, is gone *forever?*—Can you convince the friend, that the one to whom he was so fondly attached, on whose kind words and glowing love he so relied, has ceased to be! Never, oh, never. The *heart* often so much truer than the head, will not listen to such a thought. It pierces through the shadows of the dark valley—it leaps across the grave—it hails as the echo of its strong desire, the revelation, "He is not dead but sleepeth." "Thy brother shall rise again."

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The voices of the dead are sweet and solemn voices. They speak with unearthly authority. They come to us as the messages of angels. The tomb seeming at times so dark and so dreary, makes sacred as a revelation the character of friends. Each word and look, forgotten in the busy cares of the world, are now recalled, and cherished as priceless legacies. The mourning talk and think, as never before, of all the goodness of those for whom they mourn. They cherish their kind tones, dwell on their pleasant sayings, recount again and again their holy deeds. They understand them better, they *know* them more intimately. The heart keeps all that was lovely about them fresh and living, while it forgets forever every thing that broke the harmony of their communion while they lived, or washes out the remembrance of it with tears of penitence. Their works of truth and tenderness remain unmarred and undimmed by envy or jealousy, protected from any suspicion or doubt that unhallowed strife of passion might excite. I have often thought of this beautiful truth; I have often thought, we may be much, very much mistaken when we suppose death deprives us of the greatest good our friends might do us. In numerous cases it may be far otherwise. When we see the father or the mother taken away from their children, we are apt to speak of the orphans as left without their best guides. But is it always so? Hath not a departed parent, not unfrequently, a greater and better influence over character, than a living one? Does not the memory of the dead protect in the hour of temptation, direct in the hour of doubt, animate in the hour of indolence? Hath it not been a teacher from heaven and even as a guardian angel? We may not see it, we cannot be sure of it, but I doubt not in many cases the seemingly mysterious departure of our natural protectors has been the means whereby providence has enabled them to do more for our souls than the longest life here below could have accomplished. [Religious Miscellany.

[From Friends' Weekly Intelligencer.]

JACOB RITTER'S NARRATIVE OF HIS LIFE.

From a memorandum found in Geo. Churchman's manuscript Journal, it appears that the British came up to the Chesapeake bay and landed at the head of Elk river in Maryland, in the 8th month, 1777. Thence, they marched through the country to Brandywine in Chester county, where a battle was fought between them and the Americans, at or near a place called Chaddsford, on or about the 11th of the 9th mo. following. This is the battle alluded to in Jacob Ritter's narrative of his life, and where he was taken prisoner, with many others, by some of the Hessian troops in the British service.

It appears, that soon after this engagement, the British army marched to Philadelphia, and took possession of the city without much opposition. At the time of the Yearly Meeting, which began the 27th of the 9th month, the English army were in Philadelphia, and but few Friends attended; of these there were only Thos. Evans of Evesham and one or two more from Jersey, and very few from Bucks county or northward of the city. During the week of the Yearly Meeting, a bloody skirmish occurred at Germantown, between a part of the British and American soldiers. This was called the Battle of Germantown. About the 18th of 6th month, 1778, the British troops withdrew from Philadelphia.

NARRATIVE.

It has been on my mind many times, to leave some account of the gracious dealings of the Lord with me, and to note down some of the remarkable circumstances of my life from my youth up. And now, in the seventy-first year of my age, the remembrance of the following particulars has been brought very fresh before me.

My parents were Jacob and Elizabeth Ritter, who came from Germany. When they arrived in America, they bound themselves as servants to pay for their passage. My father served three years, and my mother four years. When the period of their servitude was over, they married; and, each taking a small bundle on their heads, being all their worldly wealth, they went out into the woods and made a settlement, in what is now called Springfield, Bucks county, Pennsylvania. There I was born, in the year 1757.

My parents were honest and industrious; and I, being their first child, was brought up inured to hardships. My father was a high-spirited man, and put me to hard work as soon as I was able; and early accustomed me to the use of the grubbing hoe. My mother was always kind and tender to me.

When we had lived some time at this place my father bought a small tract of land not far off and removed to it with his family. I remember when we got to it, we found that the dwelling house had been burned down, and nothing but the chimney was left standing. My father went out to work by the day at his trade of shoemaking, in order to earn a little money; and my mother took me with her, and began to clear the land, and I became expert in chopping down trees. Many times, after I had been thus employed, I would sit down on a stump, and eat my dinner of cold pork and bread, with a relish that no luxury could give. The little birds used to hop about me without fear; and I amused myself with scattering crumbs of bread for them: for which I was repaid by their innocent song and sportive gayety.

When I was about thirteen years of age, I finished my daily labor, and look at the sky; and when I observed the bright moon and stars, or the changing of the clouds, I used to think, surely there must be some great Power that created and formed all those things. For though I had often felt the secret touches of Divine love, yet I wist not what I was. After an evening thus spent, I got up off the grass and went to bed; and whether I dreamed, or whether I had a vision, I cannot tell: but I found myself on the same spot I had occupied in the evening; and methought two men came to me, clothed in white; one of them laid his hand upon my breast and the other placed his behind my shoulders: and I then perceived that they were angels, for they stretched out their wings over me and lifted me up,—telling me they would show me the gates of heaven. When we came to the place, I beheld our Savior standing with outstretched arms; and I was told I must enter in by Christ, who was the door. When I had passed into the glorious city, I beheld every thing was clear and pure,—and there was no light of the sun or moon; but Christ was the light thereof. The two angels who had brought me thither, set me upon an elevated seat, and I saw an innumerable company around me, all shining and bright, and they sung the song of Moses and the Lamb. When this heavenly harmony had ceased, there was a great silence; and then the shining hosts all passed away in quietude, except my two conductors, who came to me and told me I must not stay there then, but must go back again. So they took me up, and conveyed me to the same spot that I thought myself in when they first appeared to me.

When I came to myself, heavenly love covered my mind, and I got up in the morning in much quietness of spirit. My mother took notice of it, and asked me the cause. But I feared to show her the vision, till, at length, she pressed me so hard to tell her, that I did so; and she replied, "Jacob, my son, this is certainly a foresight of some great work thou wilt have to do. Mind now,—be a good boy, and fear God."

Time passed on; and when I was about sixteen years of age as nearly as I can recollect, I was drawn into solemn silence and stood alone in the woods when a sight and sense came over me of the horrors of war. But at this time I did not know the meaning of it; though it was then a common talk about *whig* and *tory*. However, when I was about twenty years of age, there was a muster of the militia in our neighborhood; and the clergymen of the Lutheran church, to which I belonged, preached up the propriety and necessity of standing in defence of our country against her enemies. So I was persuaded, against my better judgment, to join the army; and taking up my musket I entered the American service. I saw much of military life, both in the camp and in the field, and encountered many hardships.—Were I to enter minutely into a detail of them, it would fill a volume. But in order to make my story as short as may seem proper, I will notice such events only as impress my mind most forcibly.

The company and batallion to which I belonged, marched down to Brandywine, at Chaddsford, and joined the army under the command of Washington and La Fayette. We had orders to work day and night, to erect batteries, &c., in order to resist the progress of the English army. After several days' hard labor, we became so drowsy that nearly all the men, except the sentinels, fell asleep. General Washington stood in the midst of our camp, and called out to us with a loud voice, "Boys, get up: but be silent. The enemy are nearly upon us." About daylight, the alarm gun was fired by the British. Then all our army made ready for battle. General orders were given for every company to maintain their ranks, and each man to keep his place. An awful pause preceded the engagement,—and some of us stood in solemn silence.

I then remembered what I had seen and felt of the mercies of God, and was afresh convinced that it was contrary to the Divine will for a Christian to fight. I was sensible in my own heart, that I had done wrong in taking up arms; and the terrors of the Lord fell upon me. I then secretly supplicated the Almighty for preservation,—covenanting, that if he would be pleased to deliver me from shedding the blood of my fellow-creatures that day, I would never fight again. Then the love of God was shed abroad in my heart, and all fear of man was entirely taken away: and throughout the engagement, I remained perfectly calm; though the bombshells and shot fell round me like hail cutting down my comrades on every side, and tearing off the limbs of the trees like a whirlwind. The very rocks seemed to quake, and the hills that surrounded us to tremble with the roar of the cannon. I frequently observed that General Washington remained unmoved amidst the awful scene; and, with a calm and quiet spirit, I saw him stand a little apart, with his hands and eyes lifted up, and his frequently he implored the God of hosts for his beloved country and her injured citizens. I saw this soldier and General of the American army keep in a solemn and reverent frame of mind; appearing, in the very hottest of the battle, fearless for himself, and anxious only for his countrymen.

It so happened, that the standing troops were called into action before the militia, of which the brigade that I belonged to was partly composed. Towards evening (for the battle lasted from sunrise till sun-set) our batallion was ordered to march; and our artillery advanced to the charge. Our way was over the dead and dying; and I saw many bodies crushed to pieces beneath the wagons—and we were bespattered with blood. But no orders were given to use our small arms; and thus I was enabled to rejoice—that although I was provided with sixty cartridges, I did not discharge my musket once that day.

Forever magnified be the God of my life, that I was mercifully preserved from spilling the blood of any of my fellow-creatures!

As we had to march directly under the English cannon, which kept up a continual flame of fire, the destruction of our men was very great; and Washington called out to us, "Men retreat. It is not worth while to sacrifice so many lives." It is not worth while to march by night, and we retreated as well as we could. I took shelter in the woods; and having found a thick grape vine, I crept under it, and being worn out with hunger and fatigue, I fell sound asleep. The next morning I crawled out of my hiding place, and a sense of my forlorn condition covered my mind. I knew I had sinned in entering into the war; and no man going to execution could have felt more remorse. I went along till I came to a little cottage, where dwelt a Dutch woman. I entered at a venture, and begged her to give me food for two days. She took pity on me, and gave me some. But I had scarcely done eating it, when a party of Hessians came in, and immediately took me prisoner. War-worn and weary as I was, they marched me before them; beating me most unmercifully with the butts of their guns; and, occasionally placing their bayonets at my breast, they swore they would kill me on the spot, because I was a rebel.

In this trial I experienced Heavenly Goodness to be near; and again was all fear of death taken away. They took me to the Hessian General Count Donop; who after much rough language ordered me to be put under the Provost captain. Myself and a number of other prisoners of war were marched to Philadelphia, and lodged in prison. The number of American prisoners in jail at this time, was about nine hundred. During the first five days of our confinement, most of us had nothing to eat; and many died for want of food. One poor fellow who had been (as far as I can remember) five days without food, got at last a little piece of dry bread, which he devoured greedily; and then, leaning his head back, immediately expired. I had been three days without one mouthful to eat, when an aunt of mine got and sent her son to me with some more, and thus under Providence saved my life.

Ah! when I have seen the tables of Friends in Philadelphia loaded with all the luxuries of wealth, it seems as if I could weep over them,—remembering the days of my famine, and fearing that the day of plenty is not enough valued.

While I was thus suffering under this cruel imprisonment, I remembered the feelings of my mind on the day of the battle at Brandywine;—and, feeling myself as a poor worm of the earth, I used to go out every evening after dark into the jail-yard, and throw myself prostrate with my face upon the ground, in deep abasedness of soul, and supplicate the Lord for mercy. This sense of my undone condition lasted for some considerable time; until at length the voice of Divine compassion passed through my mind, that my prayers were heard, and I should experience deliverance from my troubles. I arose from the ground with gladness of heart. But here now my trials increased: for I, being a stout young man, the Provost captain and his under-officers sought to entice me into the English service, and for that end, offered me a whole handful of golden guineas. But I firmly refused; and then they beat me most cruelly, until I was much bruised. About this time, I heard Count Donop say, as he passed by the prison on his way to Red Bank, that he would "storm the American fort at that place, even if it were hung at the very gates of heaven!" But this presumptuous man received a wound at that battle, which proved morial.

My cousin, who visited me in prison, told me that if I could get a petition presented to Joseph Galloway, who was the bosom friend of the British General Howe, he thought he would sign it:—which he did; and I was soon afterward released.

After various difficulties, I succeeded in getting out of Philadelphia, and reached my father's house in safety. My relations and friends were rejoiced to see me; for they had not heard of me after the battle, and had supposed me dead. But my dear mother had maintained a belief that she should see me again, and would often say, "My child is yet alive."

FAITH.

How deep and solemn the truth in the following extract from Dr. Dewey's volume of Controversial Discourses. The sermon from which the extract is taken is now published in the present volume for the first time.

"Of all true excellence, then, love is the root, the primal form, the comprehensive character. God is *love*, not faith. Faith is an attribute of imperfect natures. But now, in such natures, what *place* does faith hold? I answer, that of the most immediate motive power. I cannot act as an intellectual and moral being, without faith; i. e. without conviction. I cannot obey God unless I believe in him. I cannot follow Christ unless I believe in him. I cannot yield to the influence of any truth, unless I believe in it. I cannot care for the soul, my own or another's, unless I believe in the soul. I cannot resist temptation, unless I believe in virtue and purity. I cannot live in hope of immortality, unless I believe in a future life. The immediate motive power then is faith.

Faith works by love, and purifies the soul—purifies the life. And the result is certain; it is involved in the principle that produces it. Thus wher St. Paul says that men are saved by faith, and St. James, that they are saved by works, both mean the same thing: the one speaks of the necessary impulse, the other of the inevitable act that follows.

From all this then it appears that the immediate, manifest, practical obstacle to our salvation, appears in the form of unbelief. Let us consider for a few moments in this serious light, this great evil of unbelief.

The divine goodness has provided a vast array of means for our recovery from sin, and growth in virtue and piety. Why are they attended with so little effect? What is it that thwarts heaven's great design? It is unbelief.

Let us enter into this matter a little. Religion is not a subject that we pass by altogether. We suffer it to speak to us. We assemble ourselves to listen. It is a solemn occasion. If it is a light or formal thing to any one here, I must tell him that it is not so to me. This weekly assembling together, is to me a momentous fact in life. Religion, invested with the grandeur of heaven, speaks to us; and how! As a reasonable claim, as a sovereign authority, as a momentous interest, as an all-sufficing good. The preacher discourses upon all these things. He speaks of the blessedness and glory of a sacred virtue. He holds up a grand and sublime spirituality, a divine inward sufficiency as reigning over all other distinctions, all other advantages, all other joys. He teaches every man that he may walk in the divinest purity and gladness, and in the noblest independence, not only of other men, but of his own base passions. He shows him, that the walk of daily life, strewed with virtues, may be brighter than the starry pathways of heaven Oh! what a blessed thing were it, if when the hearer leaves the threshold of the church, he should enter upon that glorious course! Why does he not! This stupendous truth of the Gospel message—great enough to revolutionize the world, to renovate society, to regenerate the heart, to fill the man with the very light and joy of heaven—why does it avail him so little! Because, verily he does not believe it! Because he has no inward sense of things divine and immortal, that makes it all a reality. An evil heart of unbelief it is, that spreads mist and darkness, doubt and indifference over the whole glorious theme.

But again, what is to penetrate and scatter this cloud of unbelief! It is attention; fixed, piercing thought and devoted meditation. This, by the law of our nature, and by every law of the Gospel, is the grand means of impression. Why does not every man give this attention! Why does not every man say, "I will think and read; I will consider; I will pray; I will earnestly seek the great blessing of the beatitudes!" Again, I say, because he does not believe in the thing thus urged upon his attention Ah! no; men do not believe in being good. We hear much of the great and distant things they do not believe in. They do not believe in heaven, nor hell, nor eternity. I would that they believed in *being good!*

There is a worldly nonchalance about this matter of religion, most painful, most discouraging to witness. In this deepest concern of their nature, men suffer themselves to be governed by every sort of worldly policy; by the wishes of friends, by the fashions of society, by the vainest and idlest considerations. Religion!—what in the world, is so cast aside among the things of convenience and favor and fashion and utter folly? Yes, religion is, as it were, foolishness to multitudes. They do not feel its serious import. They do not believe in it. Business they believe in. Pleasure they believe in. Houses and lands, luxuries and honors, they believe in. On these points they are decided enough. Present chance for acquisition of property; and though it be necessary to take a distant journey, or to spend all day and all night at the ware-house, or to peril health, yet—let family and children and society and the world say what they will—yet they will do it; they must do it. They take a firm stand and a decided step. It is a serious interest, and they must attend to it. But religion!—why it is *somebody's notion!* That is their account of it. Religion!—it seems as if the very substance of the thing dissolved away into nothing; as if the letters that compose the word, lost their coherence, and sunk away like says, with an air of oracular wisdom, "It is no small thing to take a decided stand in the matter!" or, "It is no small thing to take a decided stand in an unpopular cause or communion!" Oh! heaven, why does he not feel that conscience is no small thing; that his spiritual improvement is no small thing; but is the infinite thing! Because, he does not believe in that conscience; he does not feel in himself, how priceless that spiritual improvement is.

And thus again the reason why he does not put forth that deepest act of all—the solemn and determined effort to be good and pure—why he does not work out his own salvation; the reason, I say, is, that in this depth of the heart where all human power lies, there are no living springs of faith. All is cold and barren there. That which should be the deepest soil from which fair and heavenly graces spring is a dead lump of obstinate unbelief and indifference. The spirit of God never breathes upon that sterile spot. It is closed and barred up against the sacred influence, by pride and vanity, by cares and pleasures, by ambition and gain. And the worldly man chooses it should be so. There is no faith in him to make him think that there is any thing better. And so every thing that might help him, is resisted; the pleading of truth, the demand for attention, the call to effort.

If now it be asked, in fine, what good end is to be served, by saying and showing all this? I answer, first, that it vindicates the Gospel demand for faith as pertinent and reasonable. This is already sufficiently apparent. But I answer, further, that it shows the defect, the fault to be in us, and not in the motives which religion itself proposes. There is power enough in religion to save us.—God ever helping it,—if we would let it work within us. It is sufficient to make us happy and blessed, if we would give it a trial. No man ever truly gave it a trial and denied its power. Yes, it is all true—that which we profess to believe, and do not believe. It is as true, as if the whole horizon around us and the whole heaven above us, were filled with shapes, with pictures of the solemn and glorious verities of our faith. It is as true that sin in the heart will eat and canker, poison and destroy, as if a man could lay his finger upon the very spot where this awful work is going on. It is as true that the good deed is a glorious and blessed thing, as if when it is done, a halo of heavenly light should instantly surround it. It is as true, that penitence, purity, humility, goodness, self-sacrifice, in the heart, is the divinest joy and glory, as if all the treasures and splendors of the universe drew near and gathered around, to pay it homage. The faith of the heart is a stronger assurance than all the visions of the outward sense. When fortune smiles around me, I may think that I am happy; when sanctity and love breathe within me, I know it. And therefore it is certain and it is evident, that he who believeth shall be saved, shall be blessed in God and in the love of God; and that he who believeth not, must fail of the infinite blessing, the only blessing, the blessing of the beatitudes!

NOYES'S TRANSLATIONS.

We are glad to improve every opportunity of commending Dr. Noyes's Translations of different portions of the Old Testament, as the most intelligible and accurate that have ever been made. We would not have them take the place of our common version. We would not weaken the spell which binds those sacred words to our memory through all the association of childhood;—in the church, in our family devotions and the funeral prayer. Still to those who would really understand the Book of Job, the Psalms, the Prophets, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the Songs of Solomon, we would recommend Dr. Noyes as the most valuable assistant they can have. The remarks below are from an article in the July number of the North American Review. After a few general remarks on our common translation, the reviewer says, "There are no other writings extant, which could afford to part with so much of their significance and spirit in the process of transfusion, and still present themselves rich in all the highest attributes of true poetry."

"But many portions of these writings are read apʼoristically, and are understood and admired in single passages, sentences, and phrases, and not in the continuous flow of thought and imagery. Few merely English readers expect to derive connected or congruous ideas from an entire chapter of Isaiah or Ezekiel, or would think of the possibility of tracing an unbroken thread of thought from the top to the bottom of a page. Many of the passages from the prophets, which adhere to every one's memory, and are constantly quoted in the pulpit and in religious conversation, lie hemmed in between portions on which an impenetrable darkness rests, and, no doubt, equally rested to the eyes of our translators. Nor, in saying this, let us be understood as speaking reproachfully of those venerable men to whom we are indebted for our vernacular version of the Bible. Their work was a remarkable one for their times, especially when we consider that they wrought it, not of their own free will, in the undetived consciousness of adequate scholarship, but by the choice and bidding of the most foolish monarch that ever sat on the throne of England. But they had access to a few philological aids in their study of the Jewish Scriptures. The critical knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, in its infancy on the continent of Europe, had hardly been sought in England; for previous professed translations from the Hebrew had leaned upon the Septuagint and the Vulgate. Nor did King James leave his translators the liberty, either to omit rendering passages which they found unintelligible, or to indicate by marginal notes when the words in the text were designed to mean nothing. Yet there are manifestly many instances in which they have purposely so thrown together English words and phrases, as to preclude the possibility of their suggesting any signification whatever.

What else can have been the design of the following sentence, from the description of the leviathan or crocodile in Job,—"Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more"!—a sentence which the grammatical construction, without violence, permits us to render,—"Lay thou lay thy hand upon him, thou wilt no more remember the battle."* For another specimen of the absolute unintelligible in our common version, we might refer to a passage, the phraseology of which is familiar to every ear, but which suggests only two or three glimmerings of sense in a dreary waste of words; namely, the first five verses of the ninth chapter of Isaiah, constituting the greater part of the Christmas morning lesson in the services of the Episcopal Church. Our readers may perhaps have become so accustomed to the sound of these words, as to think that they understand them; but we would defy the most cunning "interpreter of dark sentences" to bring the last member of the third verse into harmony with the first, or to assign a meaning to the Italicized portion of the following sentence:—"Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but *this shall be with burning and fuel of fire.*" We solicit a careful comparison between the common version of this passage, and the following by Dr. Noyes.

"But the darkness shall not remain where now is distress;
Of old he brought the land of Zebulon and the land of Naphtali into contempt;
The people, that walk in darkness, [illegible]
light;
They, who dwell in the land of death-like shade,
Upon them a light shineth,
Thou enlargest the nation;
Thou increasest their joy;
They rejoice before thee with the joy of harvest,
With the joys of those who divide the spoil.
For thou breakest their heavy yoke,
And the rod, that smote their backs,
And the scourge of the taskmaster,
As in the day of Midian.
For the greaves of the warrior armed for the conquest,
And the war-garments, rolled in blood,
Shall be burned; yea, they shall be food for the fire."

Then, too, in many passages, of which the main thought is clearly presented, our translators have inserted some irrelevant and unmeaning word or phrase, which the mind of the reader unconsciously omits and ignores, but which might be exchanged for one which would add new light and beauty to the sentiment. For instance, few probably have ever confessed to themselves that they do not fully understand the following verses from the nineteenth Psalm. "There is no speech nor language where their voice [that of the heavens, or the celestial luminaries] is not heard; their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. And yet we have asked more than a score of intelligent and cultivated people, whether they had ever attached any meaning to the word *line;* and they have all confessed, both that they knew not what it meant, and that they had never discovered, till we made the inquiry, that it was void of meaning. Now the Hebrew word, thus rendered, does indeed denote a *measuring line*, but it also signifies a *musical chord;* and through the neglect of this latter sense, the Psalm has been stripped of one of the rarest gems of poetical fancy to be found in any language. By omitting the word *where*, which has been interpolated in Italics by the translators, to the perversion of the sense

sometimes uses words of Latin derivation when, he had better Saxon words at hand. In some instances, also, he translates into our English idiom Hebraisms, which are sufficiently well understood, and have incomparably more of euphony when literally rendered. These instances are, however, but few; and because few, they are the most striking when they occur, from contrast with the generally elevated diction and spirited and melodious movement of the translation. In all of these works, the metrical arrangement of the original is strictly observed, and the text is broken into paragraphs and sections in accordance with the natural divisions, while chapters and verses of the common system are marked in the margin for the purpose of reference. Then there is prefixed to each of the books a brief introduction, exhibiting the results, without any of the parade of learning, and presenting a synopsis of the facts, with reference to the external history of the work, with which the general reader needs to be acquainted. The notes are very few and short, adapted, with hardly an exception, to the comprehension and taste of the merely English reader, and for the most part either indicating the grounds of preference for the rendering given in the text, or explaining idiomatic or elliptical expressions, which could not have been unfolded in the text without an inadmissible periphrasis.

The volume now before us corresponds in its style of execution, and in its claims upon the public regard and gratitude, with those that preceded it. It makes with them a complete version of the poetical portion of the Hebrew canon. It hardly admits of criticism apart from the rest; nor has the diligent perusal of all of them enabled us to pronounce either of them superior to the others in the traces of care, or skill, or learning. The series was not commenced till the author had made himself second to none in his qualifications for his task; nor is it in his nature, or consonant with his rigid conscientiousness, so to lean on an established reputation as to remit in the last of the series any thing of that diligent elaboration which commended the first to universal favor.

In one point of view, indeed, the volume just issued might seem of inferior importance, as less needed than the others. Undoubtedly, the book of Proverbs is better understood in the common version than any of the other poetical books. Yet still, there are many pearls there dropped, which Dr. Noyes has strung again,—many maxims, to which he has restored their native brilliancy and point, and converted them from homely truisms back to apophthegms equally original and striking, both in their artistical form and their ethical significance. This book deserves the most diligent attention and study, as a compend of the practical morality and piety which sprang from the Mosaic revelation. It exhibits both the pre-eminent ethical value of the Jewish theology beyond all other ancient religions, and, at the same time, its inadequacy to conduct the nation to that lofty spiritual stand-point which we owe to Him through whom immortality was at once revealed and made manifest. The collection is the more valuable, in this regard, from the fact, that it is not the work of one hand, but of at least five different authors or compilers, between the reigns of Solomon and Hezekiah, inclusive; and that, therefore, it may be assumed as representing the moral tone and standard of the wisest and best men that flourished under the kings of Judah. It certainly adds abundant confirmation to the divine origin of the Jewish faith, while in its frequently superficial and external character, and its many *lacunæ*, it indicates the need of the more comprehensive and profound ethics of the New Testament.

Ecclesiastes is supposed, from the Aramæan complexion of its language, to have been written after the Babylonish captivity, and probably at a later date than any other book of the Jewish canon. It could not have been the author's design to pass it off as the work of Solomon; but, in giving the mature results of an extended experience of the wonders, pleasures, and vanities of life, he assumed the name and person of Solomon, as of an eminent historical character, within the range of whose powerful, prosperous, guilty, afflicted, penitent reign, every phasis of human experience might be naturally portrayed. This book is of kindred value with the Proverbs, as presenting views of human life which indicate far more breadth and justness of conception as to the aims and ends of life than could have been attained without the guidance of revelation, and yet illustrating man's intense need of full faith in immortality to cast light upon the dark passages, the limitations, and the failures of his earthly pilgrimage. This work, in our established version, is exceedingly obscure; and, in the original, its style is harsh, diffuse, and vague. On no portion of his labors can Dr. Noyes have found more need of elaborate study, and keen, critical acumen, than here; and never before, as we believe, have the lucubrations of "the Preacher" been clothed in intelligible English. But here we hardly meet with a sentence that does not interpret itself at the first glance: and the translation is so free from ambiguity in the text, as to render three fourths of the few notes appended to it superfluous. There are one or two instances, in which we should have preferred a different rendering, and could quote high critical authority in our favor; but in every such case, Dr. Noyes has fortified his ground by substantial reasons. We quote the closing chapter as a specimen of the style of the translation, and the more readily, because, with all its acknowled pathos and beauty, some portions of it bear but a dim and doubtful significance in our common version.

"Remember, also, thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, of which thou shalt say, "I have no pleasure in them"; before the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars become dark, and the clouds return after the rain; at the time when the keepers of the house tremble, and men of war bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows are darkened; when the doors are shut in the streets, because the sound of the grinding is low; when they rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music are brought low; when, also, they are afraid of that which is high, and terrors are in the way, and the almond is despised, and the locust is a burden, and the caper-berry fails; since man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets;—before the silver cord be snapped, and the golden bowl be broken, or the bucket broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the well, and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it.

"Mere vanity, saith the Preacher, all is vanity!

"Moreover, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he considered, and sought out, and set in order, many proverbs. The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and the correct writing of words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, yea, as driven nails are the words of members of assemblies, given by one teacher. And, moreover, by these, my son, be warned! Of making many books there is no end, and much study wearies the flesh. Let us hear the end of the whole discourse! Fear God and keep his commandments! For this is the duty of all men. For God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

The Canticles, Dr. Noyes, in common with many critics of every denomination, supposes to be a collection of amatory idyls, written, if not by Solomon, at least in his reign, or soon after it. His translation of them is full of life and beauty. Though he assigns to them no mystical sense and no religious purpose, yet those who would spiritualize them so as to represent the relations of Christ and the church ought to attach a peculiar value to his version; for with them, a literal and perspicuous rendering is of course essential as a basis for their allegorical interpretations. But there is one consideration which perhaps renders these songs of still higher religious worth when we regard them as mere love-songs. We well know how much of manifest and glaring impurity there is in the amatory lyrics of ancient Greece and Rome. We have here, beyond a doubt, the favorite, so to speak, the classical, love-songs of the Hebrews; and we find them, though in one or two instances marked by a license of speech inconsistent with modern notions of propriety, yet, so free from every thing absolutely gross or necessarily indelicate, that they still retain a seldom challenged place between the same covers with the Psalms and the Gospels, and suggest only associations of devoted piety and high religious fervor to many of the purest and best minds of the race. How shall we account for this contrast, except by supposing even the lighter literature of the Hebrews to have been held in check by that sound moral principle, and elevated religious sentiment, which could have flowed only from divine inspiration?

We regard these works of Dr. Noyes, not only as worthy and useful in a religious point of view, but as among the ripest fruits of American scholarship, and the most valuable contributions to American literature. They have won for him the highest reputation, both at home and abroad, and have received the warmest praise from critics of various denominations. They must take their place on that brief list of sacred classics that will not need expurgation, till the language in which they are written grows obsolete.

*This, or something similar, was the translation given by Dr. Noyes, in the first edition of his Job. On referring to his second edition, we find a much less significant rendering, and one for which, on examination of the Hebrew sentence, we can discover no philological grounds of preference.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 29, 1846.

HOSPITALITY.

We fear that there is, especially in some of our city Churches, a great lack of hospitality towards strangers. In a Church not half-filled, we have seen, on a single day, at least fifty persons enter, stand a while in the aisle, and then, as no one offered to receive them, turn and go out. We have known young men, who as medical students were spending the winter in Boston, make application to the sexton of a church for seats, which they were willing to pay for; but he did nothing about it, and they were obliged to go to an Orthodox Church, where the Christian virtue of hospitality was in more lively exercise. We once sought a seat in a church by no means full, and by much perseverance succeeded in getting the sexton to show us into the most distant pew in the gallery, in and around which all the noisy boys of the congregation seemed to be assembled. If these facts, which occurred in three different churches, are fair samples of our Unitarian manners in the city, it would perhaps be well, if the Japanese or Sandwich Islanders should send missionaries among us to teach us better. But, to be serious, is it not a subject worthy our attention? Every Sabbath there are hundreds, sometimes thousands of strangers in the city, many of whom have never heard Unitarian preaching, and who while here, have a desire to know what it is. They naturally go to the older and more fashionable societies. Ought not the members of these rich societies to make provision for them, that they may be made to feel by the kindness with which they are received, that, in one respect at least, they are entering a Christian church?

THE SOUTH.

We have read an able article with this title in the New York Tribune. Few political measures could give us more pain than to see one geographical section of the Union arrayed against another. Should such an event ever take place, we know not what evils might ensue. It would certainly do more than any thing that has ever yet occurred in our political history, to lead to the extremes of violence and disunion. But we do not believe that the sober-minded, considerate people of the South will allow such an issue to be made. If, however, they still persist, as they have for a few years past, in extending the dominion of Slavery, and making that the turning point in all important public measures, then, come what may, we must be faithful to our convictions of duty. We cannot lend our influence to the extension of an institution, which does violence to all our moral feelings, and must be a curse to the nation that willingly upholds it. The old plea of necessity, which Milton has characterised as the tyrant's plea, cannot be urged in favor of these new measures, and they should be met, as sooner or later they must be, by the solemn execrations of all good men, whether at the North or the South. It is beyond the power of language to express the woes which will otherwise be entailed on the fairest portions of our land. We would, therefore, urge it upon the people of the South, not in the spirit of menace;—but in all kindness we would entreat them not to press us too far in this matter. Whatever smooth speeches may have been made by northern men, whatever concessions may have been made by northern merchants or subserviency shown by northern politicians, the whole system of slavery is at variance with the deepest and strongest feelings of our nature.

We are a conservative people. We love our country and its institutions. From an inexpressible unwillingness to break up the constitution of the United States, we have submitted to much; and the great mass of our people are willing to go on, using only constitutional means for the removal of this national crime and disgrace. But let our brethren at the South beware of pushing us too far. Let them consider how they would feel, if we should undertake to make them, as members of the government, sanction acts of piracy, and authorise the fitting out of vessels to prey upon the commerce of the world, pillaging, burning and murdering wherever plunder was to be gained, and this solely for the pecuniary profit of the North! How would they look on such a proposition? And yet even this would not be more abhorrent to their moral convictions, than measures for the further extension of slavery are to ours.

The extreme measures for the last two or three years have done more to stir up the North, and to rouse the public sentiment against slavery than all the efforts of the abolitionists for a quarter of a century. It will not be safe to carry matters farther. The insulting laugh, with which southern members of the Senate received Mr. Webster's assertion, that they did not understand the people of the North, is quite too much for our patience, and does more than a thousand "incendiary" speeches, to awaken the indignation of the free states. We have been betrayed by our leaders. The real sentiment of the community has not found utterance through our strongest men. But every year it is making itself felt more and more. And if the upholders of slavery go on as they have done, they will rouse, all along their borders from Maine to Oregon, such a spirit, that no public man who lends his sanction to slavery, will dare look to any free state for support; and the names of those northern men, through whose influence Texas with its iniquitous war has been annexed, will be as a hissing and a by-word among the people.

We do not often approach this subject. But the public, and especially the religious press of the North must speak out. In the slave-holding states there are thousands who respond to us and thousands more who would gladly do so, if they could only see how to free themselves from the dreadful evil that is upon them. Let all who have the real welfare of the country at heart, consider these things well. The revolution in New Hampshire, though it has undoubtedly been hastened by the firmness of one bold man, who has the magnanimity to take his stand on a great moral principle, only shows the real state of feeling in this whole section of the country, and to all Christians and philanthropists, is a most encouraging fact. But whatever may be our success, let us be free, open, gentle, firm and true,—faithful to what we believe the right and leave the event to God, sure that in his own good time all things will be directed to a prosperous issue.

Having thus eased our conscience for the present, we subjoin an article which has been sent to us for "the abolitionists" by some friend in Savannah. We have usually refused to publish accounts of extreme cruelty towards slaves, not because we have doubted their truth, but because we do not think them suitable facts from which to judge of the whole institution. Neither are stories like the following, fair samples, from which to draw general conclusions. Let this girl be placed by the side of Pauline, and they give to us the two extremes from which we may judge of the system. We very gladly publish the pleasant side to-day, and shall sorrowfully give the dark picture next week, if we can lay our hands upon it.

Interesting Incident. The following is an extract from a letter written at Bedford Springs, Pennsylvania, August 5th, and published in a Baltimore paper. It is but one of a thousand cases in which the sympathies of dishonest, or misguided, men and women, operate only to the injury and misery of the negro, unless, as in this case, they should be fortunately rescued. The writer says:

"An incident has just occurred here which displays in so striking a view the offensive intermeddling of fanatical Abolitionism and the true relation of master and servant in the Southern States, that I will take the liberty of relating it to you. Chas. Jas. Faulkner, Esq., of Virginia, who with his family has been here about two weeks, brought with him a very likely female slave, aged about 20 years, as a maid. The girl had not arrived more than a few hours when the fact that she was a slave became generally known, and the spirit of a false philanthropy awakened in her behalf. From that moment the most unceasing efforts, all secretly conducted, were made to seduce her from her allegiance to her master, notwithstanding her prompt and repeated rejection of the liberal offers made to secure her freedom. For four nights in succession they had their horses stationed near the mill, about a quarter of a mile from the Springs, in the expectation that she would yield to their persuasions, but so far without success. At length the poor girl, overpowered by their importunities and by the false and delusive arguments and inducements which they held out to her, on Monday night yielded to the temptation and suffered herself to be conveyed by them some ten miles beyond the town of Bedford to a place called "*the Quaker settlement*," where she arrived about one o'clock in the morning, and found the family waiting to receive her, who hailed her as a redeemed sister, and showered upon her profusely all the hospitalities of their home. She had, however, no sooner retired to rest than the fountains of her feelings burst forth in a flood of tears, which increased as her memory dwelt upon the happy and contented life which she had led under the roof of her owners, and when she reflected upon the dark and uncertain fate to which these false and misguided philanthropists were hurrying her. She spent a night of the deepest anguish and distress of mind. Early the next morning she apprized the family of her fixed and settled determination to return that day to her master: whereupon money was freely offered to her, the prospect of a sale by her master, if she now returned, held out, and every argument and inducement redoubled to prevail upon her to remain. But she was inexorable. Her master and mistress were to leave the springs the next day, and she determined to return to them before they departed. The Abolitionists exercised no violence in detaining her, but refused to afford her any facilities for her return. She accordingly took up her baggage, and, without a guide to direct her steps through the endless hills and mountains of Bedford, she reached here last night about twelve o'clock, faint and exhausted from fatigue. She immediately rushed up to the room of her master and mistress, and begged that the indiscretion which she had committed in leaving them might be overlooked. She was kindly received, and her master was so highly pleased with her resolute resistance of the wiles of the abolitionists, that he tendered to her, if she had any wish to leave his family, her freedom and money to defray her expenses to any part of the State of Pennsylvania where she might wish to reside. But she promptly declined the offer, and declared that no consideration should ever tear her from a family from which she had received such uniform kindness, and to which she looked up without fear for protection and comfort, in all the adverse circumstances of life.

"You may well imagine that this little incident created quite a sensation at the Springs."

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS.

We rejoice in these occasions which for a few years past have been improved in so many of our towns. They must be the means of preserving a great amount of local information for future historians. They also have another useful influence in calling the attention of the young to the history of their fathers, in binding them more to the "old place," and thus doing a little something to check the roving spirit which is so excessive among us.

We have been drawn into these and other reflections, by the Centennial Discourse of the Rev. Joseph Allen, of Northboro',—the third minister of a church which has been in being a hundred years, and yet not an old man, though he has done for the town in which he lives, a work, which does honor to his life and may well leave a pleasant fragrance around his memory, when the inhabitants of Northboro' shall assemble to celebrate their second Centennial. It is when we think of such a life, with its precious influences upon the young and through them on the whole community, that we feel how high and blessed an office is that of the Christian minister. Here is a man of only common natural powers, with no peculiar grace of oratory, who, by patient, faithful, noiseless industry, through all the unseen as well as the more public channels of influence, has been, in the hands of Providence, the means of giving a new and higher character to the town in which he lives. Hundreds have gone out from his instructions better fitted for all the duties of life, and hundreds, we are sure, have left the world better fitted in consequence of what they have learned from him, for the higher order of being in which they have entered. He is only the minister of a small country town, among people of simple habits, whose names are little known abroad; but in that small sphere, in training the young for lives of usefulness, sobriety, and intelligence, and in training all for heaven, he is engaged in as sublime a work as falls to the lot of man.

The address is filled up with facts which, if not interesting to the public at large, must certainly be so to all who are acquainted with Northboro.' It contains a short sketch of the Rev. John Martyn, the first, and of the Rev. Peter Whitney, the second, minister of Northboro', both worthy and faithful stewards. Mr. Martyn died in April, 1767, after "a peaceful and successful ministry of twenty-five years."—Mr. Whitney died, Feb. 16, 1816, in the forty-ninth year of his ministry. "His mortal remains and his monument, and the remembrance of his many virtues are with us still. Of his descendants, with a solitary exception, all have gone from the former home of their honored ancestors."

We will give extracts next week.

For the Register.

THE SUPPLY OF MINISTERS. NO. II.

Mr. Editor. In my former communication I was led to the conclusion, that however well founded might be the statements of "X," with regard to the number of candidates in and around Boston, there was still a deficiency of preachers ready and suitable to take charge of our more distant or less conspicuous posts. I proceed to suggest some of the causes which have led to this state of things.

The first is, the influence of friends, which often, I believe, checks the spirit of enterprise in the mind of the young preacher. One, who, if he took counsel only of his own heart, would be ready to go wherever Providence should point out the way of usefulness, may still be withheld by the suggestions of others who have chiefly in view his worldly interests, or by the higher motive of gratifying the feelings of those relatives who wish to retain the pleasure of his society.

The second cause is, the extreme fastidiousness of our churches. Our brother X. mentions a small society, who intended to hear six candidates before making their choice. Any one of the six probably would have served them well; and it may be doubted whether, after hearing them all, the result in their minds would not be confusion, rather than unanimity. But what is the result of this fastidiousness upon the candidates themselves? Each of these, finding his services sought for, by the society, is led to form hopes of a settlement. At the same time, he receives applications to preach on trial in other places, in all of which the people mean to hear him in rotation with a number of others. He is led to conceive that he has a near prospect of advantageous settlement; and thus is withheld from going to some place where he might be permanently acceptable and useful, only to find himself at last disappointed by all the parishes whose idle curiosity had kept him so long in suspense.

A third cause of the lack of ministers for distant places is an exaggerated feeling of the arduousness of that description of service; a feeling which I regret that the articles of our brother X. are suited to encourage. In representing this fear of distant service as exaggerated, I speak from several years' experience in such stations. The minister is not indeed favored with exchanges, as in thickly-settled New England; but neither has he the burthen of a large parish, with its constant demands upon his time for visits. If he is seldom cheered by the face of a brother minister, he is led the more to seek sympathy and support among his people; and if they find him faithful, he will not seek in vain. If he is required to preach in his own pulpit Sunday after Sunday, he will probably find that there is sufficient allowance made for his circumstances to permit him frequently to repeat his sermons, or to allow of those extemporaneous addresses, which he will soon acquire a facility in delivering. In the recently published Memoir of our lamented brother Edes, I find that in the place of his first settlement, he was encouraged to read printed sermons one half the time, as an equivalent for exchanges. Thus, I believe, do many of our distant parishes appreciate the situation of their youthful pastors, and strive in various ways to render their burdens light.

The location and circumstances of our Theological School, advantageous as they are in many respects, are yet not such as to furnish an ample supply of ministers. Of that institution, none can speak in other than the most respectable terms, who has enjoyed the instruction of its former venerated teachers, and knows anything of their present successors. But that institution is part of a great University. Its standard of education must be high in proportion to the standing in other respects, of that University. The candidates for the ministry, whom Harvard College sends forth, must be men fitted to sustain the reputation of Harvard College in controversy, should they be called to that task. Heaven forbid that the character of such an institution should be lowered. But if the Unitarian denomination is to embrace within its ranks, like the other religious bodies, members of churches composed of the poor and the unlearned, in remote and thinly settled neighborhoods throughout the land, more ministers must be provided than Cambridge can furnish. Where would Methodism be now, if its founders had resolved that none should preach but those who had received a liberal education? Our task, as a denomination, is not less important than was that to which the Methodists were appointed; and shall we debar ourselves from fulfilling it by confining ourselves to a procrustean standard, and requiring the same qualifications in the minister of the obscurest parish, that we seek in him who is to officiate before the learned and the wealthy? Suppose a young man, at the age of twenty-five, who has received only an English education, is disposed to enter the ministry. Any one, by turning to the advertisement of the Divinity School in your columns, may perceive that he has work enough for two years, in the preparatory studies requisite to obtain admission; the three years to be spent in the school, added to these two, make five. This brings his age to thirty,—a prospect sufficient to discourage a person who is not independent in circumstances, and is unwilling to spend his best working years in preparing to work.

And if at last after this long toil, the profession be attained,—or if the candidate, though younger, has gone through the still longer course of regular academical, college and professional study, can we blame him if he is unwilling to devote the preparation so laboriously made, to the culture of some remote and unpromising portions of the vineyard?

What shall be the remedy? It is in part provided by the Methodist school. It will be in part whenever another liberal Theological Institution shall be founded in New England. Such an institution might be put in operation, and might almost support itself, by combining, like that over which Doddridge presided, academical and professional instruction. It should be considered preparatory to the present Theological School, yet while it fitted some for pursuing the full course, it might train others for ministerial usefulness at less expense of time and money than that course requires. Meantime, we must make the best use of the means which we now possess. Every pastor can seek out suitable young men in his society, and use his influence to direct their attention to the ministry. Teachers may do much by fostering youthful piety and talent, and directing them into the right channel. Our men of wealth may feel that they are called on to make Cambridge and Meadville as efficient as possible for usefulness; and the present members of the profession, whether settled or not, can commend its delightful and holy labors to others, by their language, and by the alacrity, the cheerful and self sacrificing spirit with which they discharge them. Y.

For the Register.

TEACHER'S SOCIAL UNION.

Mr. Editor:—A subject of universal interest occupied the attention of the Teacher's Social Union at their two last meetings. The question for discussion was as follows, viz:

What is the duty of the Teachers of this Union in regard to the neglected children of foreign and vicious parents?

At the first of the two meetings, a report of which was communicated through the papers, Dea. Grant said that he considered the subject a very important one, and felt assured that neither the Social Union nor the community at large were aware of the *extent of the evil* under discussion. He stated that there were *twelve hundred* neglected children, roving our streets, growing up in idleness and vice, never attending school, and commonly found idling around the bowling allies, and other resorts of the kind, in the city. He said the magnitude of the evil was in part connected with the increase of population. Some twenty years ago an effort was made to look up the vagrant children in the city; the city was districted; committees visited every part; and so thorough was the search, that they were soon after able to say, that almost all the children in the city attended school. The great influx of foreign population since had renewed the evil that had been thus checked; and there were now daily twelve hundred young idlers in our streets, on the broad road to ruin. Existing institutions do not suffice. The Farm school is full. They were every day under the painful necessity of refusing the most pressing application from anxious and hopeless parents. So great had the want become, that a body of teachers, like this could do but little in the way of relieving it, unless their discussions should, *by resulting in other meetings on a larger scale*, bring greater numbers to act in concert towards that end.

When the meeting adjourned, it was resolved to take up the question again.

The adjourned meeting, accordingly, resumed the discussion on the evening of the 17th inst.—Mr. L. G. Pray treated the subject well at some length, dwelling strongly on our obligation to do nothing to impede the Catholics, or any other denomination in the exercise of their religious liberty. Rev. Charles Spear, agent for the society for aiding discharged convicts, made some pertinent remarks, in special reference to a statement that had been made early in the evening, to the effect that a large proportion of the complaints before the city magistrates were said to be against Catholics. It was presumed this related to misdemeanors, and that it would not be found to extend to crimes. On the contrary, very few, comparatively, of those confined in jail for the greater offences, were Catholics. In one room of the State Prison, containing sixty convicts, only *one* of the number was a Catholic.—And amongst all the convicts there, there were but thirteen Catholics. I am able to give a report in full, of the substance of the remarks made by one of the speakers of the second evening, as follows, viz.

Mr Chairman:—I have an advantage over some of those who have spoken before me, in having been present at the former meeting, which, it seemed to me, was brought to an interesting point, by the statement of Dea. Grant, that the evil in question was of such extent as to exceed our power to remedy, except as our discussions might lead to some larger action, in which others with ourselves, might become engaged. He informed us that *twelve hundred* idle and neglected children were daily roaming our streets, in the way to destruction. This shows that the evil is of a magnitude and importance, far beyond the knowledge of most of us at the opening of this discussion. It shows the need of much more extensive measures than *we* can apply. The means referred to as effective, when the city was districted twenty years ago to search for all who were neglecting school, may be so again. For the remedy that proved effectual when applied to two or three hundred, might, with a proportionate increase of agency, be successfully applied to four times that number. Is it not worth trying again? Is anything else likely to be adequate?

It might savor of imprudence to venture to speak of the Catholics, since a report of our last meeting appeared in the newspapers, and, we were told by the Chairman, brought some notices to him, asking or making explanation. We had supposed that justice had been done — we are sure that the spirit both of justice and charity was manifested. But it seems that we were thought to have underrated the provision the Catholics have made for the Sunday Schools.—And we have just had the pleasure of hearing that the credit of having the largest Sunday School in the city is due to the Catholics. But no fear of being misunderstood or misrepresented should deter one from saying, in a debate affecting great public interests, anything that may seem to belong to a comprehensive view of the subject. I shall not, therefore, on this occasion, hesitate to supply some things that others have left unsaid. All have approved the judicious liberal ground from the first taken, of encouraging the reception of neglected Catholic children into the *Catholic* rather than the Unitarian or other Protestant Sunday Schools. All must have heartily assented to the earnest appeal that has been made to us, to do nothing to impede the Catholics in the unrestrained use of their civil and religious liberty. But there is a great difference between allowing them freedom *to sustain their own institutions*, and *directly helping to support those institutions*. If, instead of simply leaving them to maintain their own churches and schools, we should contribute money or influence to uphold and multiply institutions of education and religion under Catholic management, we should then be doing something not called for either by patriotism or charity. To help neglected Catholic children into Catholic Sunday Schools, to treat the Catholics with the same respect and kindness as all other Christian denominations, and without jealousy to see them prospering in all their lawful undertakings for their own growth and benefit, all this is no more than is demanded of us by the golden rule. But it is a different thing to give for example, money or active support to Catholic seminaries, the main object of which ostensibly is, to receive pupils from among the Protestant youth. Not that there might be much to fear on the ground of their possible conversion to the Catholic faith; for experience, I believe, proves, that it is rare to trace conversions to school associations and influences. But the real danger is, of being drawn to build up the peculiar institutions of Popery—institutions which we should not understandingly befriend—under the guise of advancing the cause of education or charity, of liberty or Christianity. For there is a broad distinction between that which Catholicism has *in common* with all other forms of Christianity, and that which it has *peculiar to itself*. Of *the Christianity in common* was born the character of a Fenelon and a Cheverus, just as from the same source grew the self-sacrificing philanthropy of a Howard, on the other side of the waters, and that of a Tuckerman, on this. Out of the *systematic peculiarity of sect*, on the other hand, sprang those various grades of self-seeking and corruption in the persons of pontiffs, from the ambition of a Gregory VII. down to the licentiousness of an Alexander VI. It is the Christianity in common that is now rearing within the Catholic church, as within all other churches, a large part of that spiritual building—to which we all hope to contribute—which is destined to endure "eternal in the heavens": and again it was the systematic peculiarity of sect which raised up that banded host of secret agents—the Jesuits whose intrusive and intriguing spirit has caused the suppression of that order in half the countries of Europe—it is this which has set up, in Tradition and the Decisions of Popes and Councils, an authority equal to that of Scripture, while it assumes for the Papal See just so much of *civil* supremacy in every land as the temper of the times will permit its wily policy to affect;—it is this which is keeping in 'durance vile,' or in mental subjection equally degrading, the finest minds of Catholic Europe; and not to dwell upon the narrow jealousy which interdicts in proscribed books so much of the light of advancing knowledge, it is this systematic peculiarity of sect which established that system of celibacy, of confession, of penance, of the adoration of saints, images, and relics, and so on, the *abuses* of which have roused two Reformations,—that, whose triumphant course began with Luther, and that other of our own day, destined to as certain a triumph (if high authority for such prognostication may be credited), dating its origin with Ronge. I am contending for this, viz: that there is a clear and wide distinction between Catholic *Papacy* and Catholic *Piety*: the one has produced the devotion and graces of a Fenelon and Massillon, and of the thousands in their communion who from age to age became Christian in spirit under and in spite of, the Papacy's connexion with them; and the other has enacted that genuine spirit of the world, which has existed from century to century, strangely existed (if human nature did not often exhibit strange mixtures), existed century after century, notwithstanding the connection of Christian piety with it. The spirit of Christ has subsisted in the Catholic church notwithstanding peculiarities such as the Protestants cannot receive, just as it is now subsisting in the Protestant church, notwithstanding peculiarities there which the Catholic can no better receive. The conclusion is, that the spirit of Christ exists in *all* sects—nay, I go farther, I believe it *rules* all sects. It is the *predominating* spirit of the Catholics, the Calvinists, the Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Unitarians. Notwithstanding the alloy in worldly wisdom, and manifold imperfection, each denomination as a body, is laboring for the salvation of souls, more than for the service of sects. I believe the supporter of foreign missions no more sends money to the Heathen, to build up Othodoxy, than the Unitarian makes his contribution to the ministry to the poor, to build up Unitarianism. Both alike give—each in the manner according with his own convictions — with a view to help forward the work that Jesus gave himself for, viz: to deliver the soul from death. The sectarian motive is, in all sects, the secondary; the Christian the predominant motive. If the spirit of Christ is in all sects, then in all sects we may find it; we have had evidence since we have been here to-night, that it is active in more than one denomination in this city. Our brother in the chair—the city missionary—who always seeks it in the same spirit, has told us how often he has met with it. We are all in truth, fellow-laborers in the same Lord's vineyard. Seeing that these things are so, cannot we "bear with one another's infirmities"? must our several peculiarities prevent our co-operation for human welfare? There is need of this implied reproof. *Too much popular prejudice against the Catholics.* It is too frequent on our lips, it is too familiar in our households, for any one to dispute it. This very evening we have heard it asserted here, that there are persons who seriously believe the ignorant Catholics are taught by the priest, that it is justifiable for Catholics to lie to a Protestant and to steal from one! I do not believe they are so taught. I know that there is *a low standard of morality* among the uneducated Irish; but this may be accounted for by their ignorance, and the tendency of superstition acting upon ignorance. I do not believe they have ever been instructed by their religious guides, that it would be excusable, when among Protestants, to lie to them, to steal from them, and to abuse confidence by acting as spies in their families. Away, then, with this root of bitterness. The cause of domestic piety and social order requires it. Self-respect requires us to overcome this great uncharitableness. We know as ministers, as Sunday school teachers, and as parents, that *we* could not encourage a child, or a poor attendant, in deceit or wickedness in any form. How then can we believe a Christian teacher of any other denomination to be capable of it! Only be assured that the spirit of Christ—the love of serving God in saving souls—prevails in all denominations, and in personal intercourse, esteem for the Christian Character will always overbalance even a just repugnance to the peculiarities of a sect. Let all sects act on this ground — meet in this spirit—striving by out-shining good works, to bring all to perceive, that the same light and grace are in all— always looking through the *form*, that we cannot in conscience or reason support, for the *spirit*—the spirit of Christ, love to God and good will to all men—which we must not fail to recognize kindly and respectfully, wherever we see it, if we would not cease to hold fellowship with Christ. T. R. S.

*Edinburg Review.

FARM SCHOOL.

Why should not those friendly to the object meet to concert some way of responding to the appeal made to the philanthropic in the Atlas of the 18th inst., where Dea. Grant and the Farm School for boys are referred to in a notice which concludes as follows, viz:—

"Such institutions are adapted to prevent a vast amount of positive evil and wretchedness in the community, as well as to save a vast amount of public expense. Who that has visited our Municipal Court, and seen, from day to day, half-grown boys, already hardened in vice, convicted of burglary and larceny, and sentenced to pass the opening years of manhood within the gloomy walls of a prison; or seen them ripening for such a destiny about the dimly lighted halls of drunken revelry and profane, licentious mirth, and yet has not *deeply felt* that means *must* be provided for greatly extending the advantages of such benevolent institutions? Who has not felt that the only hope of continued virtue and prosperity to our beloved country, must be sought in the multiplication of such moral asylums in all our large cities?

It is painful to learn that the "Farm School," capable of accommodating many more boys, is compelled, from deficiency of means, to turn aside almost daily applications from widowed, despairing mothers—thus virtually dooming multitudes of young immortals to wretchedness and crime, who, under favorable circumstances, might be trained to virtue, usefulness and honor.—Could these facts fairly gain access to the eyes and hearts of Boston philanthropists, there can be no doubt that the most ample means of extending the blessings of this and kindred institutions, would be immediately placed at the disposal of their honorable and self-denying Managers."

May not some plan of concerted action be devised, to unite the philanthropic of all denominations in a simultaneous effort to bring the idle and neglected children of the city into the schools?

For the Register.

Mr. Editor,—I have just returned from a pleasant excursion in the Old Colony, during which I availed myself of the opportunity to be present at the dedication of the new building which has just been erected for the Normal School at Bridgewater. The day selected for the purpose, (Wednesday, the 18th inst.,) was most propitious, and a large number of the alumni of the school, with many of the friends of popular education were gathered together to share in the services of the occasion. After the prayer of dedication, an elaborate and excellent address was delivered by the Hon. W. G. Bates of Westfield, who was followed by his Excellency Governor Briggs in extemperaneous remarks of an uncommonly interesting character, which could not fail to leave indelible impressions on the youthful band of teachers and scholars to whom those remarks were specially directed — After a benediction by Rev. Mr. Hooker, of Falmouth, a member of the Board of Education, the company adjourned to the adjoining church, (Rev. Mr. Bradford's,) to listen to an address from Amasa Walker, Esq., of North Brookfield, who had been invited, as I understand, by an association composed of the present and former members of the institution, to perform that service. I hope that the address which was well adapted to the occasion and contained many timely and valuable suggestions, will be repeated in many other places, or given to the public in a printed form. The next adjournment was to the Town Hall, where tables had been spread for some three or four hundred guests. It was a simple repast, in accordance with the limited means of the pupils of the institution, by whom it was provided. But there was "enough and to spare," and the fragments that remained sufficed for another like entertainment which was held in the evening in the same place. And it was truly "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." I have seldom mingled with a happier throng.—There was much cheerfulness, but no noisy mirth; much wit, but it was only the seasoning of counsel and solid sense. I wish I could give you an account of the speeches that were made at the table, but I cannot. I hope some one else will do it, as they were too good to be lost, though they are not lost, for they went down into the innermost depths of the young hearts that were there, and the fruit will in due season appear. The names of the speakers, will be my sufficient warrant for saying that the speeches were of a high order of excellence. Some of them I may have forgotten, but I remember that we had the pleasure of listening to remarks from Gov. Briggs, George B. Emerson, Hon. John A. Shaw, (Superintendent of schools in New Orleans,) Rev. Mr. Waterston, Hon. Seth Sprague, Jr., Amasa Walker, Esq., Cyrus Peirce, (Principal of the Normal School in West Newton,) N. Tillinghast, (the accomplished and beloved teacher of the five hundred youths that have been members of the Bridgewater School.) And last though always first, the honored secretary, that has so often "given the world the assurance of a *man*."

The school at present consists of just one hundred pupils, nearly equally divided between the two sexes. They are chiefly, I believe, the sons and daughters of farmers and mechanics; by connecting themselves with this institution, they have signified their intention to engage in the honorable calling of *teachers of youth*. I could not look upon the band but with peculiar emotion. They, and such as they, are *the hope of the state*.

[Want of room obliges us to omit the hymns.]

For the Register.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND THEIR CONDITION.

There is evidently a strong and an increasing interest in the growth and improvement of our Sunday Schools. As these nurseries of the Church and of Heaven are becoming better known, so are they obtaining a stronger hold upon the affections of both young and old; pupils and teachers; ministers and people. Repeated and striking proofs of this we have had the pleasure to witness within a month or two past. The School at Quincy is a large and prosperous one. It is connected with Rev. Mr. Lunt's Society, and was kept at the time in the Lecture Room of the Town Hall, an elegant stone building opposite to the Temple. Mr. Brown of the Divinity School, Cambridge, was acting as its Superintendent. It numbers *one hundred and fifty scholars with twenty-five Teachers*. Here a Service Book was used for the opening exercises; followed by a General Lesson, the lessons of the Teachers in their classes, and a closing hymn. The order, attention, and appearance of this School could scarcely be improved.

We visited recently a Sunday School in a more remote section of the State, at Northfield, a beautiful town in Franklin County. It is the School connected with Rev. O. E. Everett's Society, of which he acts constantly and devotedly as its Superintendent. It numbers one hundred

pupils with thirteen Teachers. The Service Book was here also in use; and the reading of the Scripture lessons, the prayers and the hymns by Mr. E., and the responses of the children were made interesting and attractive to all. The General Lesson by Mr. E. and the class lessons followed, and the services were closed with a hyma sung by Teachers and pupils. There was a quiet and pleasant aspect, a constant attention, and perfect order manifested here which was truly gratifying.

The School at Lunenburg in the County of Worcester we have taken occasion to visit once or twice the present season. The Society is not a large one, and the School does not exceed in numbers more than *seventy-five* pupils with *twelve* Teachers. This School is now larger and better than usual, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Austin. Thomas Wiley Esq., is the Superintendent, and on the occasion of one of our visits opened the School by reading from Walker's Service Book a Hymn, which was well sung by the School, one of the General Lessons and a Prayer, in which the children united. It was opened and closed with singing. On another occasion Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene, opened the School by Prayer, and with some very appropriate and practical remarks to the pupils and Teachers. He related facts from his own early recollections and experience which made a strong impression and will long be remembered.

The School at Shirley, in Middlesex County, connected with Rev. Mr. Chandler's Society, is another School highly favored and prospered. It numbers one hundred pupils with seventeen Teachers. The Vestry is in the tower of the Church, contiguous to and immediately connected with the pews of the galleries. The School is assembled in the Vestry, which is small, for the general exercises, and for their class lessons they repair to the pews in the galleries. Mr. Artemas Longley is its Superintendent. He conducted the opening exercises, and we think no one could have listened to his manner of reading from the Service Book and to the full, prompt and correct responses of the children without feeling and acknowledging that this mode of opening the School is a great improvement on the previous, and still, very common method. Mr. Chandler has a Bible class and spends all the interval between the services in its instructions and the care of the School. His labors are crowned with a corresponding success.

We had a pleasant interview a short time since with the School at North Beverly connected with Rev. E. M. Stone's Society. On this occasion however, it was in the Grove and not in the Church. One fact is remarkable about this School, which is that *every* child from three years of age and upwards to eighteen and twenty, or all of a suitable age belonging to the Parish, are connected as pupils with the Sunday School. But as the Society is not large, the whole number does not exceed a hundred. The procession, the recreations, the collation, the services and addresses, on the occasion referred to, made it one of unusual interest. Rev. Mr. Thayer of the First Parish, Rev. Mr. Stone of the Second, Mr. Woodbury a Divinity Student, and a gentleman from Wenham, beside the Agent, contributed to the improvement and enjoyment of the large number which was present.

A few Sundays since we visited the Sunday School in Bulfinch Street, Rev. Mr. Gray's. This School numbers between two and three hundred. Its average attendance is perhaps two hundred. Mr. David Page is its devoted Superintendent. In his absence, Dr. F. H. Gray on the occasion of our visit, had been invited to perform the opening exercises and Address the School. Having recently returned from Europe, the subject of his remarks was an account of the Holy Week at Rome. It excited the closest attention, and richly deserved it. This School is highly prospered by the largeness of its numbers, and the character of its Teachers.

On Sunday last we were at Kennebunk in the State of Maine. Here is a large Church of our faith and a prosperous Society, of which Rev. Mr. Tenney is Pastor. The Sunday School connected with it is one of the largest and best. It numbers about *two hundred* with *twenty* Teachers. Geo. W. Bourne, Esq. is Superintendent. In the management and success of this School, he as well as the Pastor, takes a deep and lively interest with the most entire success. There were present on Sunday 61 boys and 78 girls, and a more pleasing and interesting scene we have scarcely every witnessed. The Vestry beneath the Church is fitted up in an original but very appropriate manner. Around the walls are Scriptural mottoes and devices. The letters and emblems are formed conspicuously of oak leaves, which are neatly netted together and fastened to the wall on a ground work of the same. The mottoes were "Faith," "Hope" with an Anchor beneath;—"Charity," "Jesus," "Remember the Sabbath Day," "Trust in God," &c. &c. These with other ornaments gave the room a cheerful and impressive character. Mr. Bourne uses and used on this occasion the Service Book of the Sunday School Society. As he read the Hymn and Scripture lesson, he interspersed them with remarks in illustration of the words or subjects, which excited among the pupils a lively interest. The utmost order and attention were manifest throughout the services, and those of the day. We have seldom or never seen a better Sunday School than this.

In conclusion it is hardly necessary to say that on the occasion of these several visits, with one or two exceptions, the opportunity was given to, and eagerly improved by an Agent of the Sunday School Society, to make the usual Addresses, and distribute the usual tokens of remembrance to the pupils, Teachers and parents who were present on these occasions. P.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Moral Influence of the American Government. An Oration delivered at Albany, N. Y July 4, 1846, by the Young Men's Association. By Henry T. Harrington.

This is a spirited and patriotic performance. It is an earnest and bold, not to say a successful attempt to vindicate the American Constitution from all tendencies to immorality. It maintains that it neither upholds slavery nor justifies war; and if these evils have found encouragement or justification amongst us, it is not the fault of the Constitution, but of those who have administered it.

The following eloquent passage will indicate the manner in which the writer vindicates the "moral sentiment" of the Constitution in reference to the subject of war.

"It had been one of the gravest charges against George III, in the declaration of Independence, that he quartered large bodies of troops upon the Colonies against their will. Standing armies were well appreciated to be one of the strongest bulwarks of tyranny—the most terific engines of arbitrary power; and to be dreaded by a republic more than the horrors of the pestilence and the earthquake. A proposition was accordingly submitted to the Convention, that Congress should not have power in time of peace to keep embodied more than a certain number of regular troops. This was voted down, on the ground that arbitrary prospective legislation in this respect could not be either judicious or safe; and that the power of Congress must be restrained from time to time, in regard to it, only by its own sense of patriotic obligation. But Congress is expressly forbidden to call forth that good right arm of a Republic—its militia—its citizen soldiery, except for specific purposes. And these purposes are, to execute the laws, to suppress insurrections, and to quell invasions. By the letter of the law therefore, the citizen cannot be summoned, and by its spirit, he cannot be invited to step a hostile foot across the boundaries of his country. *Positive invasion* is clearly the only attitude in which a foreign state can place itself in relation to this republic, according to the genius of the constitution, to authorise the embodiment of citizen soldiery. All these things triumphantly prove that an honest sense of right, governed its authors in the provisions which they have incorporated upon this subject. No lust of conquest, no schemes of bloody national aggrandizement, no false principles of national honor are consecrated as legitimate justifications of strife. That fearful scourge —that awful arbiter—"bloody-minded, bloody-handed, marble-hearted" war; is to be invoked, aside from domestic alarms, only to protect the beloved friend from the devastating plunder and force of the invader, the wife and mother from his brutal passions, and the helpless infant from his ruthless arm. Such shall we find in all relations the genius of the Constitution to be. It leans upon the RULE OF RIGHT. It is true to the grandeur of the circumstances that clustered about its origin. It is worthy of the struggles and sacrifices made to obtain it. It was baptized in the blood of martyrs, and justifies the terrible ablution." ***

The Eighteenth Annual Report of the Sunday School Society, with the Addresses at the Public Annual Meeting, 1846.

We have read this report prepared by Rev. R. C. Waterston, its Corresponding Secretary, with deep interest, and must regard it as by far the best of all those which the Society have published. It embodies the opinions of many experienced pastors and teachers on some of the most important questions connected with the progress and welfare of our Sunday Schools. Among others are those relating to the qualification of teachers'; the influence of teaching upon those engaged in the work; as well as upon those for whom they work; the value of the Bible as a book of instruction; the duty of teaching its fundamental Doctrines and other equally interesting and vital questions.

We understand that a large portion of this report has been published; and that it is now in the progress of distribution to every Sunday School in connection with the Society throughout the Union; and we copy the short preface which introduces it, and would express the hope that the suggestions which it contains may be carefully heeded by all those into whose hands the report shall fall.

"Preface. The publication of the following report has been unexpectedly delayed, but it is believed that the views offered in the various communications it contains will give it an unusal value. Many of the communications have been received from persons whose experience and character give them great weight. Some of the extacts are from papers sent to the President of the Society, with reference to a Convention of Teachers held in Salem, and are worthy of great consideration. Many of the views here given are offered quite as much to induce reflection, as with the expectation that they will throw immediate light upon the subjects to which they refer. Reports like this are, perhaps, often thrown aside without being read: or they are perused carelessly, and are but little thought of. We would suggest that Teachers and Superintendents should read the following pages with care, and make a memorandum of such points as may seem important, or such questions as may arise, and that these topics and questions be brought before the Teachers' meetings for discussion. It is believed that such a course would give an additional interest to the meetings, and might be the means of promulgating views which would be in the highest degree beneficial." P.

A Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language, &c. &c. By Joseph E. Worcester.

We have no doubt, that for all practical purposes this is the most complete dictionary of our language ever published. No man, from his previous studies and his habits of minute investigation, could be better fitted to prepare a work of the kind. We have till now always used for our Manual, Mr. Worcester's Edition of Johnson, as corrected and enlarged by Todd, &c., which the editor informs us, has been made, in some degree, the basis of the present work. But this is unquestionably greatly superior to that in almost every respect, having been in every part revised with much labor and care, and in some parts entirely rewritten. It contains nearly twenty seven thousand words, not in the former work, and will be found, we believe, particularly useful in the explanation of scientific terms. As a guide to pronunciation it hardly leaves anything further to be desired, giving as it does, in addition to our own language, the pronunciation of Classical and Scripture proper names, as well as of the names of all important places. In short, the work is a condensed Magazine of all that it is important to know on the various subjects, which properly belong to such a book. Though we have at hand the best dictionares of our language, we intend to keep this alone for our daily use, and to consult the others only for special purposes.

Lectures on Swedenborgianism. By Leonard Woods, D. D. Prof. of Theology in the Theological Seminary—Andover.

We have not had time to read this little volume, but have no doubt that it is like all Dr. Woods' works, prepared with diligence and carefully reasoned out. At the same time we doubt whether any man is fitted to examine the writings of a mind entirely unlike his own.—We cannot fairly criticise the writings of a great man till we have gone round him, and are able to see how his weaknesses grow out of the general fabric of his mind; and we do not see how so unimaginative a man as Dr. Woods can do this in respect to a man of so vast an imagination as Swedenborg.

This conjectural criticism must pass only for what it is worth.

The American Review—A Whig Journal &c.

This work, which at first seemed to us in point of ability altogether unworthy to be the organ of either of the great political parties of the country, and immeasurably inferior to its Democratic rival, is now, if we may judge from the last two or three numbers, taking a much higher stand. It has less flippancy, and shows at once a much better spirit and much greater strength.

Scripture Proofs and Scriptural Illustrations of Unitarianism. By John Wilson.

Mr. Wilson has been heretofore known by his extended and elaborate work, entitled Concessions of Trinitarians. The present work shows the same careful research, and for those who wish to see an explanation of every passage which human ignorance and human ingenuity have been able to twist into the support of the doctrine of the Trinity, as well as of those which might naturally seem to countenance such a doctrine, it must be a work of great value. We gladly welcome it to the goodly fellowship of our ablest writers on the subject, and hope that it may be extensively circulated. It is an excellent book for those who are disposed to study the scriptures thoroughly with reference to the Trinity.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Good Work Begun. On the 20th inst., the city government, with invited guests, proceeded to the banks of Long Pond, in Wayland to make a ceremonial commencement of work on the aqueduct which is to supply the city with pure water and plenty of it. Report says the party had a good time. The Mayor, after a neat speech, threw the first spade full of earth into the wheelbarrow; the Hon. J. Q. Adams the second, and President Quincy the third. Then came a collation, with Long Pond water for the beverage; then appropriate speeches and toasts. Among other doings a vote was passed that Long Pond shall hereafter be known by its Indian name,—Lake (we will fill the blank as soon as the orthography of the word is settled.)

"Neatness," said Whitfield, "is next to godliness." It is certainly a Christian work to supply a large city with pure water. It must do much to promote cleanliness, health, temperance and good morals. And that will be a bright day for Boston, when the enterprise now begun shall be crowned with success—when fountains shall play in the sunlight and the rich and poor have at hand freely flowing, enough of that element without which all the other luxuries of wealth are worthless, and the evils of poverty are immeasurably increased. Many, very many suffer, and suffer severely in this city, for the want of water. The good Long Pond running into the city, may do, in the cause of temperance, will be worth all it will cost to set it flowing down our streets.

The Pope's Economy. From all accounts the new Roman Pontiff seems to be a Christian man of good sense and simple manners. But his the fate of potentates: he does not want flatterers to make him appear ridiculous. What a wonderful fact is stated below, viz: that to turn a Cardinal into a Pope does not increase his appetite! If the economy of his Holiness will diminish in the slightest degree the beggary of his subjects, it will not be an unimportant trifle in his reign. We rather regret, however, that he has determined not to purchase the "*rare plants:*" as by so doing he might encourage science. The four dishes, and half of the horses it was very well to cut off.—As a match for his Holiness, we would mention that we have recently heard of an excellent woman who by taking in washing has purchased and paid for a neat house, and finds in it, we doubt not, more peace and comfort than many of the uneasy heads that wear crowns and are sheltered by the roofs of palaces.

The German journals relate numerous instances of the Christian humility of the new Pope. "His cook (says one of these journals,) one day served for his dinner seven different dishes: Pius IX sent for him, and told him that when Cardinal he never had more than three, and that he would not now change his habit. His Holiness has reduced almost all the expenses of his household. Four thousand Roman scudis, which were annually spent in rare plants, has been cut off from the budget, and half of the horses of the Pontifical stables have been sold."

A Sad Truth in Figures. We copy the following statement merely that our readers may perform a short sum in addition and see what, through its legislators, this nation is doing for the cause of peace and humanity. As we make it out—upwards of *thirty-seven millions* out of *fifty-one millions of dollars*—nearly *four-fifths* of the whole sum, are appropriated directly or indirectly to the *cause of war*. Meantime how much has Congress done to encourage industry, education and good morals?

By the way, was it sly satire, or only accident that put the pay of members of Congress and *wild Indians* into the same item. The appropriations certainly savor of the tomahawk.

The following is given as a list of the principal appropriations made at the recent session of Congress; and the amount of expenditures provided for:

For the regular army,	$6,873,000
West Point military academy,	121,776
Prosecution of the war with Mexico,	10,000,000
Pay of volunteers,	11,957,000
Fortifications,	1,440,000
Certain Defences,	170,000
Deficient appropriations for 1846,	1,700,000
Support of the navy,	7,450,000
	$39,711,976
Expenditures on account of the Indians,	1,141,000
Pay of members of Congress and wild Indians,	239,000
Civil and diplomatic service,	4,034,000
Post Office department,	4,068,000
	$51,144,000

Yale College. The corporation of this institution have elected Professor Theodore D. Woolsey as President of the College, in place of President Day, whose resignation has been recently announced. The same body have, at their recent meeting, established three new Professorships, and elected the Professors who are to fill them. The first is the "Clark Professorship of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics," founded on a donation given in 1822 by Sheldon Clark, of Oxford, Conn., with a proviso that it should accumulate for 24 years. Rev. Noah Porter, Jr., of Springfield, in this State, son of Rev. Dr. Porter of Farmington, Connecticut, has been called to this chair.

The second is a "Professorship of Agricultural and Animal and Vegetable Physiology," founded on a donation of $5000 made a short time since by Mr. John T. Norton of Farmington, Connecticut. The son of this gentleman, Mr. John Pitkin Norton, now in Europe, has been elected as the first Professor in this Department. He recently received a premium from the British Royal Agricultural Society, for a dissertation on a subject connected with Agricultural Chemistry.

The other new Professorship is that of Practical Chemistry, or Chemistry applied to the Arts, and Mr. Benjamin Silliman, Jr., of New Haven, son of the well know Professor Silliman, has been called to the Chair.

The Gulf Stream. We learn, from the National Intelligencer, that the U. S. Surveying Brig Washington, under command of Lieut. George M. Bache, United States Navy, has returned from a cruise of a month in the Gulf Stream, during which 1327 miles were made, 523 surface temperatures observed, 149 temperatures, at depths from 5 to 1500 fathoms, and specimens of the soundings collected. The highest temperature at the surface was between 80 and 81 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer; the temperature, at 1500 fathoms, was 37 degrees; and the surface temperature 80 degrees.

Columbus. Vanderlyn has finished his painting of the landing of Columbus, for the Rotunda at Washington, which competent judges pronounce nearly equal to Paul Veronese, in breadth of color and effect. The drawing is not perhaps as beautifully detailed as it might have been, but the figure of Columbus and one of his captains who wears armor, will rank among the masterpieces of the American school. [Atlas.

☞ Irreverent English wit dares to send its shafts even at the "Iron Duke" himself. But as the shot is fired in the cause of humanity, no one will object to its hitting and cutting off a leaf or two from the laurels of the "Hero of Waterloo."

Lord John Russell intimated last night, that the Duke of Wellington has taken "the question of military flogging under his consideration." Rare news this! His Grace entered the army about sixty years ago. In 1787 he became an ensign in the 73d Foot. In 1846, after thirty years' peace, the Field-Marshal takes military flogging under consideration. This should not be lost on the party drawing up the inscription for the new statue. It would look well in the catalogue of his exploits, particularly by the light wherewith posterity will peruse that document. The thing might be delicately brought in something after this fashion, in the list of his captures:—"Seringapatam taken, 1799; Badajos taken, 1811; Cindad Rodrigo taken, 1812; St. Sebastian taken, 1813; Corporal Punishment taken—into consideration—1846." But some natures are somewhat sluggish in coming to maturity. There's the proprietor of the Collosseum, for instance, calling all the world to look at his Mexican aloe, which is said to be very near going to do what people believe it does only once every hundred years, namely, to blow.—This last blow on the duke's trumpet is for something that should be pretty nearly equal, on the score of antiquity, to the flowering of the American plant; and the *greenness* of his Grace's laurels, *apropos* to the same, by no means betokens a healthy longevity for this his final heroic chaplet.

[Corres. Liverpool Albion.

☞ It would seem from the following that even in the matter of "Onions" retributive justice overtakes those who forget that "honesty is the best policy."

Onions. We understand that the raisers of onions this season, find it hard work to dispose of their produce in the Boston market. There was some, though less difficulty of the same sort, last season. In former years, the raising of onions has been followed with ready sales and considerable profit. It has been an object, with the growers of this species of vegetable, to get into market as early as possible. Crops have been pulled, bunched and sent away before they were fully grown, and without being well cured. But these onions, shipped to the West Indies, rotted and spoiled on the voyage. As a consequence, nobody will now purchase onions for exportation, and they remain a drug on the hands of the raisers. These facts should have an influence to check that unwise competition, which sacrifices property and confidence for the sake of present gain. [Sandwich Observer.

Monument to Howard. The Paris correspondent of the Atlas, finds this information in the "Annales de la Charite."

Howard died at Kherson, in Crim Tartary, on the 20th of January, 1790. All will remember the humility which led him to reject every public testimonial, and to desire that after his death no pompous monument should be placed over his body, but that a simple sun-dial should mark his grave. Already, before his death, a subscription for a statue had been commenced in England, the result of which was the monument now in St. Paul's. In 1818, the Emperor Alexander caused another monument to be raised to his memory a Kherson, which was however put in such a position as to serve rather to ornament the town than to mark the last resting place of Howard. This remained still neglected until a few years since, when Mr. George Sumner of Boston, being in Kherson, fulfilled the wish of the philanthropist, by placing over his grave a sun-dial, supported by a granite column.

Naumkeag Factory at Salem, Ms.—This immense establishment is rapidly approaching its completion. We were struck by the vastness of the room in the fourth story of the building—undoubtedly the longest room unsupported by pillars and clear of any obstructions, in the United States. This room is four hundred feet in length and sixty in breadth. The three other rooms in the building are of equal size, but the space is broken to the eye by two rows of iron pillars, extending the entire length of each. Besides the principal building of the length and breadth above named, there are also two other large buildings connected with the establishment. The size of the main building we believe, is longer than any other factory, except the one at Portsmouth, in the country. It is computed that the four rooms would contain the entire population of Salem, Danvers, Marblehead, Lynn, and Beverly. The two towers are to be surmounted by the figures of two Indians, copper and gilt. The houses of the operatives are in course of rapid progress, but of the bridge from Factory Point to Union Wharf, we now hear but very little. [Salem Advertiser.

The above factory is to be operated by steam-power.

Steam Factory at Portsmouth, N. H.—The large steam factory at Portsmouth, N. H., for the manufacture of fine fabrics, is nearly completed —and indeed, operations have already commenced. We yesterday saw and pocketed a spool of the thread spun at this establishment, which is probably much finer than has hitherto been produced in this country, being No. 81, and intended for jackonets, muslins, lawns, &c. This establishment, when in full operation, will run twenty-one thousand spindles. The enterprising stockholders have introduced the manufacture of a species of goods which has hitherto been altogether imported from abroad, and every friend of American industry must earnestly wish that while this will give an impulse to the prosperity of Portsmouth, it may prove profitable to those who have embarked in the enterprise. [Visitor.

Turbin Water Wheel. This wheel (which was invented in France about twenty years ago, and is lately beginning to be used here,) seems destined to make an important change in the water power of the country. There is one now in progress at Manchester, (N. H.,) of only seven feet diameter, which will give a power of 250 horses, while an overshot or breast wheel, 60 feet wide and 30 feet diameter, would only give a power of 150 horses. This Terbin wheel is in the shape of a drum; the water goes in at the top and comes out from all parts of the circumference. The Merrimack Company, at Lowell, have a small one of two feet six inches diameter and four inches thick, (the shape of a cheese,) which has 35 horse power.

Papal Influence in Siam. The Missionaries of the American Board, in their last annual letter, refering to papal missions in Siam, say—"More than two hundred years have rolled away, since those who called themselves the successors of the aposties commenced their labors here, and yet, strange to tell, not a Bible, not even an entire Testament, in the language of the people, have they provided for them! It is believed that the same is substantially true in respect to their labors throughout the whole of the Christian world. When Christ was on earth, the Scriptures were in the hands of the people, and he made it their duty to "search" them. His apostles did the same, and their epistles, most of which were directed to congregations or assemblies, made up of Christians and others, were in that age universally considered to be the property of the people."

Fall River. A statistical table recently prepared in Fall River, by one of the Assessors of Taxes, shows the population of that place to be 11,174. The Real Estate valued at $4,024,585, and the Personal Estate in the town at $2,556,127. The rate of taxation is sixty one cents on the hundred dollars. The Fall River Iron Works Co., pays a tax of $3,878,51 cts, which is the largest tax paid by any company. The next largest sum is paid by A. Robeson & Sons, who pay a tax of $2,983,21 cts.

It was our privilege to attend the Commencement at Harvard University on Wednesday. The appearance of the young men was creditable to the institution. The speaking was more natural than usual, and while three or four of the compositions showed a manly, rich and discriminating power of thought, they almost all evinced a careful training in respect to the use of language.

Adin Ballou on Non-Resistance. Where is this book to be had? We have inquired at three of our principal bookstores without being able to find it.

In the notice you gave of the fair for Mr. Harrington's Church, Albany, please correct the following *reference*,—for Mrs. B. F. Greene, say Mrs. B. H. Greene. **

☞ AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association has removed to No 56 Pearl street. a29

☞ NOTICE. The Cheshire Pastoral Association will meet at the house of M. W. Willis, Walpole, on Tuesday, 8th of Sept. at 10 A. M. M. W. WILLIS, Scribe. a29

☞ THE MIDDLESEX NORTH ASSOCIATION will hold their next meeting at the Rev Mr Bates's, in Stow, on Wednesday, Sept 2d, at 10 o'clk. A. M. JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 23d inst., by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Hiram P. Baker, to Miss Sarah Tompkins.

In Ipswich, Mr. Daniel Richardson, to Miss Mary E. Goodhue.

In Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. Job C. Messer, to Miss Eliza Abbot. Mr. James M. Caller, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Miss Lucy F., daughter of Caleb L. Frost, of D.

In Lynn, Mr. William Wallace Webster, to Miss Sophia Lincoln Childs, both of L.

In Northboro' by Rev. Mr. Allen, 24th inst., Mr. Nathaniel Bemis, of Framingham, to Miss Mary Ann W. Densmore, of N.

In Trenton, N. Y., on Tuesday morning, 11th inst, in the Unitarian Church, by Rev Mr Peirce, Rev Perry Philleo, of Russia, Herkimer co., to Miss Julia Peirce of Trenton, Oneida co., daughter of Rev Isaac B. Peirce.

DEATHS.

In this city, 25th inst., Mehitable S. youngest dau. of Charles and Sarah Ann Gill, aged 2 years 7 mos.

27th inst, Mr. Edward Haynes, 79.

24th inst., Caroline P., only daughter of A. P. and M. J. Greene, 3 years, 5 mos.

In South Boston, 25th inst., Sarah R., daughter of Capt. Daniel Chandler, 20.

In Charlestown, 25th inst., Mary Jane, daughter of Spencer, and Mary C. Russell, 4 years 9 months.

In Millbury, 22d inst, widow Susannah Woodward, 99 years 7½ mos.

In Northboro', the 20th inst., Mr. Jonathan Patterson, aged 81.

In New Ipswich, N. H., 13th inst, Dea. Abel Kendall, formerly of Leominster, Mass., 75.

In Marseilles, (France,) July 12th, Edward Fettyplace, Esq., a native of Marblehead, Mass., and formerly a merchant of Boston. During the last thirty years he has been a resident merchant in Marseilles, where he was highly respected and beloved. The flags of all the American shipping at the port of Marseilles were displayed at half mast, in token of respect to the memory of an honorable and accomplished merchant and an honest man.

In London, Dwarknauth Tagore, the great nabob, in the 51st year of his age. He died of a disease of the liver.

MR. AND MRS. G. WILKES' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, for a limited number of Young Ladies, No 29 Bowdoin street, Boston.

This establishment will re-open after the present vacation, on Monday, 21st September. Parents and Guardians desirous to place their children and wards, are respectfully requested to apply for admission into the School early in Sept.

References.—Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburne, Daniel Sharp, D. D., Rev Edward N. Kirk, Rev Baron Stow, Rev R. W. Cushman, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, Samuel Walley, Sen., Esq., Jonathan Forbush, Esq., Boston; Hon. Isaac Livermore, Cambridge; Isaac Winslow, Esq., P. Wainwright, Esq., Roxbury; Rev. Alfred L. Baury, Newton, L. F.; Daniel L. Carroll, D. D., New York; Rev John Owen, New York; Rev. J. Pierpont, Troy, N. Y.; Col. Sherburne, U. S. A., Philadelphia; Rev. Hiram P. Goodrich, Jefferson City, Mo. is2wos4w a29

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Channing's Complete Works, 6 vols 12mo:
Dewey's Complete Works, 1 vol 8vo:
Memoir of the Life of H. Ware, Jr., 2 vols 12mo, 2d edition:
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☞ The above, with many other Unitarian Theological Books, are published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., and with all other Unitarian publications, for sale at the lowest prices. 3t a29

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BATES' PATENT
Sliding Top Chamber Shower Bath.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he continues to manufacture and has on hand a large assortment of the above celebrated CHAMBER SHOWER BATHS; he will finish them to suit the taste of the purchaser. From numerous recommendations, the following are selected:

[From Dr John C. Warren, Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University.]

At the request of Mr Bates, I have examined his Chamber Shower Bath. It appears to me to be the most convenient portable shower bath I am acquainted with, for ii is light, neat, and worked with very little trouble. This is an improvement which I am very glad to see, because I consider the external application of cold water to be a practice highly useful, and even important to most individuals.

The daily washing of the body serves to remove the cuticle which is constantly forming on the surface of the skin, and thus purifies it, and leaves its pores open for the discharge of those fluids which the preservation of health requires. Another great advantage is, that the sudden application of cold water in this mode to the suface of the body produces a bracing effect on the internal organs, particularly those of digestion.

The introduction of these baths into public hotels would be, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest additions to the comfort of travellers, and their general use in private families would add much to the health of our whole population. JOHN C. WARREN.
Boston, April 2, 1845.

[From Dr. Geo. Hayward, Professor of the principles of Clinical Surgery in Harvard University.

Sir,—Having seen in operation, and examined the Chamber Shower Bath of Mr Bates, I take great pleasure in expressing my approbation of it. Frequent bathing is so necessary to health and comfort, that I am glad an apparatus has been constructed by which a person can take a shower bath in his own chamber with very little inconvenience. The bath of Mr Bates I think well adapted to the end proposed, and hope it will come into extensive use. GEO. HAYWARD.
Boston, April 7, 1845.

[From Dr. J. W. F. Lane.]
Boston, March 1, 1845.

The functions of the digestive apparatus and of the skin are so intimately connected, that the disturbance of the former frequently results solely from impediments to the due discharge of the duties of the latter. From inattention to cleanliness of the whole surface of the body, and from a want of more frequent general ablution, the minute pores of the skin become blocked up, so that the proper evaporation can no longer take place. To obviate these difficulties, and the diseases originating from them, no measure is perhaps so well adapted as the shower bath, properly regulated.

The patent Bath of Mr Bates, manufactured by L. V. Badger, is an article not only well adapted to all the cleanly purposes of the body, but so combines neatness and elegance as to be an ornament to any chamber.—The day cannot be far distant, when it will be deemed as essential to furnish the dressing room with one of these, as it formerly was with the wash-basin, and the advantages to the health resulting from the change, will soon make themselves apparent.

J. W. F. LANE, M. D.

[From the Hon Harrison Gray Otis, Boston.]

Mr. L. V. Badger: Sir,—In reply to your note, I am quite ready to say, that I have used your Vapor Lamp, in connection with a chair and curtain, which was originally furnished with a spirit-burner, and that I prefer yours altogether, as it may be placed at a distance from the other apparatus with perfect safety.

I am respectfully yours, &c.
H. G. OTIS.

[From H. G. O. Colby, Judge C. C. P., New Bedford.]

Mr L. V. Badger: Sir,—I have used one of your Patent Shower Baths for nearly a year, and take much pleasure in recommending it to the public. After I had given it a fair trial, I was so impressed with its usefulness, that I took special pains to speak of it to persons of my acquaintance, many of whom have purchased the article, and recommend it in the highest terms. My family would be willing to part with many articles, which are commonly considered of prime necessity, rather than relinquish their shower bath. If every householder could be induced to purchase one, we should hear less of those terrible pulmonary complaints, which are the scourge of New England.

The following gentlemen have the Bath in use in their families:
Hon Peleg Sprague, Judge U. S. Court.
Hon Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice S. J. Court.
Hon Robert C. Winthrop, Member of Congress.
Hon John Quincy Adams, do do.
Hon Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of Boston.
Rev Francis Parkman, Boston.
Professor Felton, Harvard College.
Dr John C. Warren, Boston.
Dr Winslow Lewis, Jr. do.
Dr John Homans, do.
Dr J. W. F. Lane, do.
Professor Greenleaf, Harvard College.
Charles Sumner, Esq., Boston.
Dr Wigglesworth, do.
Dr G. H. Lodge, do.
Rev John Pierpont, do.
Rev Samuel Barrett, do.
Lucius M. Sargent, Roxbury.

Also, Badger's Vapor Apparatus, to be used with or without the Shower Bath; Bathing Tubs and Pans; Roman Hip or Sitz Baths; Leg, Head, Feet, Arm and Elbow Bathing Vessels; Foot Tubs and Pneumatic Baths; Hair Mittens and Rubbers; Bathing Caps, &c. &c. L. V. BADGER, 49 Congress st.
ag29 3m

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No CXXXVII, for September, 1846.

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POETRY.

☞ We have sometimes thought that a few of Southey's small poems, which are hardly known, are the most felicitous in expression of all his writings, and the most beautiful in sentiment. The following we have read perhaps a hundred times, but never without feeling it breathing over us like a cool breeze in one of these sultry days. We publish it with the hope that it may have a similar influence on our readers.

ON A PICTURE BY J. M. WRIGHT, ESQ.

[Engraved for the Keepsake of 1829.]

The sky-lark hath perceived his prison-door
Unclosed; for liberty the captive tries:
Puss eagerly hath watched him from the floor,
And in her grasp he flutters, pants, and dies.

Lucy's own Puss, and Lucy's own dear Bird,
Her foster'd favorites both for many a day,
That which the tender-hearted girl prefer'd;
She in her fondness knew not, sooth to say.

For if the sky-lark's pipe were shrill and strong,
And its rich tones the thrilling ear might please,
Yet Pussybell could breathe a fireside song
As winning, when she lay on Lucy's knees.

Both knew her voice, and each alike would seek
Her eye, her smile, her fondling touch to gain:
How faintly, then, may words her sorrow speak,
When by the one she sees the other slain.

The flowers fall scatter'd from her lifted hand;
A cry of grief she utters in affright;
And self-condemn'd for negligence she stands
Aghast and helpless at the cruel sight.

Come, Lucy, let me dry those tearful eyes;
Take thou, dear child, a lesson not unholy,
From one whom nature taught to moralize,
Both in his mirth and in his melancholy.

I will not warn thee not to set thy heart
Too fondly upon perishable things;
In vain the earnest preacher spends his art
Upon that theme; in vain the poet sings.

It is our nature's strong necessity,
And this the soul's unerring instincts tell:
Therefore I say, let us love worthily,
Dear child, and then we cannot love too well.

Better it is all losses to deplore,
Which dutiful affection can sustain,
Than that the heart should, in its inmost core,
Harden without it, and have lived in vain.

This love which thou hast lavish'd, and the woe
Which makes thy lip now quiver with distress,
Are but a vent, an innocent overflow,
From the deep springs of female tenderness.

And something I would teach thee from the grief
That thus hath fill'd those gentle eyes with tears,
The which may be thy sober, sure relief,
When sorrow visits thee in after years.

I ask not whither is the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death is seal'd;
Our Father hath not made that mystery known;
Needless the knowledge, therefore not reveal'd.

But didst thou know, in sure and sacred truth,
It had a place assign'd in yonder skies,
There, through an endless life of joyous youth,
To warble in the bowers of Paradise,—

Lucy, if then the power to thee were given
In that cold form its life to reengage,
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from its Heaven
To be again the tenant of a cage?

Only that thou mightest cherish it again,
Wouldst thou the object of thy love recall
To mortal life, and chance, and change, and pain,
And death, which must be suffered once by all?

Oh, no, thou say'st: oh, surely not, not so!'
I read the answer which those looks express;
For pure and true affection, well I know,
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

Such love of all our virtues is the gem;
We bring with us the immortal seed at birth:
Of heaven it is, and heavenly; woe to them
Who make it wholly earthly and of earth!

What we love perfectly, for its own sake
We love, and not our own, being ready thus
Whate'er self-sacrifice is ask'd, to make;
That which is best, for it is best for us.

O Lucy! treasure up that pious thought!
It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest darts;
And with true comfort thou wilt find it fraught,
If grief should reach thee in thy heart of hearts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If we could in any way draw attention to this much suffering class we should greatly rejoice. It seems to us that the following story is an old one: the grievance certainly is, and every year sees its life renewed in the sorrowful struggles of hundreds among us.

THE SEAMSTRESS:
OR, THE VALUE OF LABOR.

Mrs T—— was left a widow with several small children. She could think of no way of getting a living for them but by her needle; and as she was a neat sewer, she hoped to get work, and earn food and scant clothing at least. She applied to several, and was still without the means of earning a dollar, when her last one was spent. Just at this sad moment, the fact of her destitution becoming more known, Mrs. T—— sent for her.

After she is seated, the following conversation ensues:—

"Can you do plain sewing?"

"Yes, ma'am, as well as most persons."

"What is your price for fine shirts?

"I hav'nt set any price yet, but I will work as low as any one."

"But you know that to get work you will have to work a little lower than ordinary."

"Well, ma'am, I am in want, and I will work at almost any price."

"I suppose you will make fine shirts for a quarter?"

"Yes ma'am."

"And calico dresses for the same?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, that's reasonable."

"Boy's common shirts you will not charge over eleven pence for?"

"No, ma'am."

"That's reasonable, and I'll do all I can for you. It gives me pleasure to help the poor.—Come down to-morrow, and I will have some work ready for you." The widow departed.

"Well, wife," says Mr T——, when he saw the woman depart, "at what price will she work?"

"At just half what Miss R—— charges."

"Well, that's something like. It gives me pleasure to befriend any one who is willing to work at a reasonable price. Why, this will save us almost a dollar a week the year round."

Yes, it will so, and if I keep her at it, or some one else, at the same price for a year, you will let me have a fifty dollar shawl, won't you?"

"Yes, if you want it."

"Well, I'll do my best. It's shameful what some of those seamstresses do charge."

Boys' shirts, at twelve and a half cents, were her first pieces of work. Two of these by hard work she managed to get done in a day.

Next morning she was up early, though her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak from having sat so steadily through the whole of the preceding day. Her children were taken up, washed and dressed, her rooms cleaned, and a scanty meal of mush and milk prepared for the little ones, and a cup of tea for herself. Her own stomach refused the food of which her children partook with keen appetites, and she could only swallow a few mouthfuls of dry, stale bread.

It was near ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head still aching and almost blinding her. Some how or other she could not get on at all fast, and it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment.

After dinner, Mrs —— worked hard, and in much bodily pain and misery, to finish the other shirt, in which the last stitch was taken at nine o'clock at night.

Soon after breakfast the next day, she took the shirts home to Mrs T——, her thoughts mostly occupied with the comfortable food she was to buy her children with the half dollar she had earned. For it was a sad truth, that she had laid out her last half dollar for the meal with which she was making mush for her little ones.

After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching, Mrs T—— expressed approbation of the work; and handed the poor woman a couple of fine shirts to make for Mr. T— and a calico dress for herself. She did not offer to pay her for the work she had done; after lingering a few moments, Mrs —— ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she had earned.

"O dear! I never pay seamstresses until their bills amount to five dollars. It is so troublesome to keep account of small sums. When you have made five dollars, I will pay you."

Mrs —— retired, but with a heart that seemed like lead in her bosom. "When shall I earn five dollars! not for a whole month, at this rate," were the words that formed themselves in her thoughts.

From this state of gloominess, she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant looking lady, somewhat gaily dressed, came in with a small bundle in her hand.

She introduced herself, by saying that she had just seen some pretty shirts at Mr T.'s, and that she was so well pleased with the work, that she had inquired for the maker.

"And now having found you," said she, "I want you to make and fit this calico dress for me, if you could do such work!"

"I shall be glad to do it for you," said Mrs. ——, encouraged by the kind feelings of the lady.

"And what will you charge."

Mrs ——, hesitated a moment, and then said, "Mrs —— gives me a quarter of a dollar."

There was a bright spot, for a moment in the cheek of the lady.

"Then I will give you three," said she with warmth.

Mrs —— burst into tears, for she could not help it.

"Are you in need?" inquired the strange lady hesitatingly, but with an air that could not be mistaken.

For a moment the widow paused; but the sight of her children conquered the rising emotion of her pride.

"I have nothing but a little corn-meal in the house, and have no money."

A tear glistened in the stranger's eye; her breast heaved with strong emotion, then again, all was still.

"I will pay you for this dress beforehand, then, and I want it done very nice, and I will pay you a dollar for making it. Can I have it day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly, ma'am, to-morrow evening, if you want it."

The dollar was paid down, and the angel of mercy departed. More than one heart was glad that morning. [Methodist Protestant.

POVERTY IN LONDON.

One of the results of the great chemical process, civilization, by which such immense wealth is produced in London, is to use up and throw off as a scum, a pretty large proportion of the human race. Go to a Queen's Drawing Room, and see miles of coaches marked with coronets, and loaded with diamonded ladies inside, and gilded flunkies outside, or to an Epsom or Ascot race, or Eton Montem, and see London disgorge itself in a river, of humanity on wheels, and you would think the riches of London must fill every pocket. You could not dream that utter emptiness lurked under a great part of the show, much less that poverty was surrounding the whole, as the ocean does an island, always threatening to engulf it at high tide. Go through London again: avoid Regent St., Oxford St., Pall Mall, Piccadilly, Strand; keep clear of Parks and squares; if you please, leaving the centre of Regent St., at Beak St., drive through Silver St., into the purlieus and human pig-styes of a great brewery near Windmill St., penetrate and perforate, if you can, the stived alleys there, where you will see children playing at marbles in their shirts in the afternoon. Make your way to the Seven Dials, where six streets meet, and each street leads through a vista of second-hand clothes and old shoes from cellar to garret, and the dealers seem the most extravagant caricatures upon the vices of drunkenness and fraud. This is not purgatory, but a place that needs to be sent there. Then turn your steps to the northward a little, where St. Giles steeple rises in brotherly companionship with the tall chimney of St. Giles' brewery. In the latter, likely enough some fair and fat Christian gentleman spends six days of the week in sending his customers to h——l, and in the former, the seventh, in the still more difficult task of elevating himself to heaven. In all charity I judge this from the looks of the population in the neighborhood of these breweries. Something or other has put it in a worse condition than my theology ever allowed me to anticipate for my worst enemies. The pens of Dickens and Jerrold, to my certain knowledge, have not over painted St. Giles. They are driving the ploughshare of city improvement right through it now—I mean in regard to brick and mortar. As to the humanity, that is turned out of the furrow like grubs from a dunghill, and is left to add itself to similar dunghills not yet disturbed. Here, is in fact, or was, a great city in itself, which gets its living by begging and stealing cold victuals, cast off clothes, coals, potatoes, bread, and money to buy beer with; and at the hour of midnight cooks its only daily meal, and takes the comfort which the blessed God vouchsafes even to the most miserable and wicked. One night, between 11 and 12, I followed a little girl of eight or ten years, who said her mother was dying of the typhus fever, and needed assistance, and the children had nothing to eat—more than a mile, and she led me into a cellar room in the midst of St. Giles'. There was a tipsey hag, who, sure enough, as soon as she heard us at the door, jumped into a bed of rags in her shoes, and feigned to be sick with the typhus fever. The pot was boiling merrily over a fire made of old laths, and was pretty well filled with potatoes, and, by the smell, was not without meat. There was plenty of beer, not in the mug, but in the mother of two little lying beggar children. The game they were playing was that of the whole neighborhood, up stairs and down stairs, every house containing from six to ten families.

Retracing your steps, cross Long Acre, where they make the splendid coaches by thousands, at James St., and look at the poverty which murmurs sullenly around Covent Garden, Bow St., Police Office, and Drury Lane Theatre.—Pursue your way, by devious streets, to the moral slough of Holy Well St. Strand, where between two churches the population is the farthest possible from God, getting a precarious living much of it by selling vile prints, or the sight of them. Then get along, as you may, through Harp Alley, Fleet Lane, and by the enormous prisons, where men expiate the crimes of human passions and poverty, and close by its awful walls you will see plenty of people, whose looks, if not their lips, say they "don't care a d—n" whether they are inside or out. Then go back down the hill of Skinner St. to foot of Holborn Hill and turn to your right up Field Lane. You will see more stolen handkerchiefs exposed for sale, than you ever conceived of before. You can buy one at your own price, and it will be stolen from you before you get through the next street, perhaps. At the foot of Saffron Hill turn again to your right through West St. and passing through 13 acres of sheep and oxen in Smithfield, enter Bartholomew Close, which you will confess to be close enough. You will perhaps deviate into Little Britain, and, crossing Aldersgate St., dive into the masses back of old Guild Hall, and so on by St. Austin Friars, where it is possible you may marvel at the dead population—where, literally, the dead bury the dead—human dust being about all there is for human dust to return to. At last you come to the neighborhood of Houndsditch, and you will have gone far enough to have seen as much as you can bear of London's vice, poverty, and human rubbish. O Hogarth, thy pencil was that of a mere portrait painter, and strong was thy stomach. This whole pilgrimage you should take, between 10 and 12 on Saturday night, or rather on Sunday morning. The people having then their week's wages are making their week's purchases, resolved generally to have one sufficient dinner on Sunday, at least. Butcher shops and old clothes shops are then in their glory, with the most extravagant flaring of gas, so as to make deeds of darkness impossible. Then too, and later, is pandemonium best enacted in the beer shops and gin palaces, which are the most splendid precisely on this very route. Here, amidst broad plate glass mirrors, and great gilded puncheons, on hair-seat sofas, revel men and women who will want bread before another Saturday night, and whose children are either begging or stealing at the same time. Judging from the state of these streets, there is no hour in the twenty-four when so few people are asleep in London, as at midnight between Saturday and Sunday. Even small children and babes in the arms are abundant enough in the street crowd to put to rest all fears of the extinction of the race. At Houndsditch you had better be on Sunday morning, to attend the great mart of second hand clothing held by the Israelites. Thither wretchedness calls together more people than ever attend a Queen's drawing room, to trade with the Rothschilds of Rag Fair. The scene is perfectly indescribable and overwhelming, and far exceeds in sublimity and effect any Regatta or Lord Mayor's day which London wealth can get up. It is hardly a wonder that some philosophers, having seen both, should think it an easier problem to abolish wealth than poverty. Many rich Jews, such as Sir Moses Montefiore, and others, perhaps ashamed of the ditch where, in this or a previous generation, their own fortunes were born, having tried with all their might to abolish poverty's Sunday Rag Fair, but found it too hard for them. In a country where a bishop has $50,000 or $100,000 a year and a brewing Christian makes even more than that, I believe it an impossibility.

A VISIT TO THE COMMUNITY OF SHAKERS.

A correspondent of the Boston Daily Whig gives the following account of a visit to the Shaker Community at New Lebanon:

LENOX, Aug. 4, 1846.

On Sunday last, I paid a visit to the Shaker community at New Lebanon, N. Y., just across the State line. The road thither from this point is highly delightful.—The road across the high ridge of the Taconic Hills, a spur of the Green Mountains, from the summit of which a magnificent prospect opens to the view, and the Catskills are seen towering in the distance to the westward.

The Shaker community comprises about six hundred persons of both sexes, and the whole aspect of the village is one of great thrift and prosperity. Well built houses, snug workshops, highly cultivated fields and gardens, excellent walls and fences, and fine cattle, are undeniable evidence of the successful working of the community principle in an economical point of view. That it works advantageously in any other respect whatever, I could not help thinking a matter of very considerable doubt.

But the main object of my visit was to witness the religious observances of these people, as I deem all forms of human worship well worthy of investigation, and suggestive of much useful contemplation.

The church, or house of assembly, is situated in the centre of the village, and includes a capacious hall, measuring about one hundred feet by seventy, and a smaller one, like a wide portico at one end, to which I did not get access. The external roof of the building, as well as the ceiling of the hall, is arched, and the beautifully matched and smooth floor of the hall is worth a day's journey to see, and reminded me of some of the floors in the palaces and princely residences of Europe. The men and women enter by separate doors, and take their seats upon moveable benches at opposite ends of the hall. On the side towards the street are permanent seats rising one above another, for the accommodation of spectators, capable of seating about two hundred people, and these were entirely filled. When I entered, the worshippers were seated. There were about one hundred women, most of them middle aged, and older, and perhaps a hundred and twenty-five men and boys. The latter were mostly in their shirt sleeves, and wore long waisted blue vests and blue and white striped pantaloons. Their hair is clipped short and straight around their foreheads, and suffered to grow long behind. A more stupid collection of heads it would be difficult to find in a summer's day. The women were dressed in white from head to foot, and the exquisite cleanliness of their short waisted and long skirted dresses and neat caps, and handkerchiefs thrown over the left arm, taken in connection with their demure eyes, made them look like a swarm of saints who had just alighted for a little rest, and would fly away if any noise were made. At a concerted signal, the whole assembly rose as one person, with a rustling sound like that of the autumn wind when it shakes down the crisp and sear leaves of the forest. In a minute and with scarcely a sound, the benches were dexterously removed and piled up at either end of the hall and the worshippers stood in parallel rows, in a waiting attitude, the front rank of one sex forming an acute angle with that of the other, open towards the congregation, and the other ranks conforming to these. Directly one of the elders made a short address, the burden of which was that the Shakers could not be sufficiently grateful for the temporal and spiritual prosperity which they enjoyed; and when he had concluded, another elder stepped forth and addressed the spectators, deprecating any laughter, irreverence or disturbance on their part. A row of men and women then stationed themselves along the wall opposite the spectators and commenced singing a momentous but rather quick tune with great vigor, whereat the remainder of the congregation began to dance. The dance was not very intricate, but consisted of three steps forward and a shuffle and turn; three steps back and a shuffle and turn; three steps to the right and a shuffle and turn; three steps to the left and a shuffle and turn. This was kept up about a quarter of an hour, when they found themselves "as they were."

The singers then took their position in the middle of the floor, forming an oblong figure, and resumed their incarnations with undiminished zeal. The congregation proceeded to march, and counter march, in sections of three, four, five and six, around the centre, at certain points clapping their hands and at others stamping with their feet, in strange unison with the music. This exercise continued about an hour, with perhaps ten pauses of a minute each, until the perspiration streamed from their faces and the women looked quite rosy and intelligent. While this was going on we were favored with an exhibition of the rotary form of worship, which consists in spinning round like a top. The first performer was a man about forty five years of age, with a head like a beetle and about as hard looking face as we would wish to see. He stepped out of the ranks and commenced whistling with great rapidity, his head cocked up and eyes shut, and holding his waistcoat open with both hands. But he began more fiercely than he could hold out, and the consequence was that in about ten minutes he toppled over and was caught by two of his brethren and held with great apparent difficulty, struggling all the time and throwing about his legs and arms, like a man in the paroxysms of a convulsion fit. After about five minutes, he was lifted upon his legs, and forthwith resumed his spinning operations, but with a diminished velocity. This time he held out astonishingly, and kept whirling like a spinning dervish, for more than halfan hour by the watch. If he had been the proprietor of a thimble full of brairs, he could not have done it. After he had been performing a few minutes, not wishing to see the arduous enterprises achieved exclusively by the other sex, a short, fat woman, about fifty years of age, stepped forth and followed suit. She held out about ten minutes and then began to totter and stagger, her head rolled from side to side, her face became distorted, her muscles twitched, and she dropped into the hands of her sisters, thoroughly intoxicated and apparently unconscious. A few moments however sufficed to revive her sufficiently to enable her to stand, she resumed her place with the singers.

This exhibition was revolting and horrible in the extreme. It was difficult to conceive how any person could associate the idea of worship with such a flagrant and palpable abuse of his own constitution. It was difficult to help thinking that the whole thing was a mere exhibition got up for the purpose of affecting and astonishing the lookers on. Such an act of worship, I venture to say, no Shaker ever performs alone in the fields or in the solitude of his room. He may and probably does practice there, or elsewhere; but it is only as a player rehearsing his part, not as an act of worship.

The marching and countermarching being ended, the elder, who had exhorted us not to laugh, (the last thing I should have thought of doing,) came forward and remarked that we probably had a very imperfect idea of Shakerism, and suggested to us the propriety of investigating before condemning it. He said there was scarcely a subject to which the intelligent part of the community paid so little attention, or of which they knew less! (May it ever be so!) He then introduced to the audience Brother Elisha Jacobs, formerly of the Methodist Church, and more recently a Millerite. Brother Jacobs then came forward and stated very handsomely and even eloquently the process of reasoning (if reasoning it could be called) by which, when overwhelmed with disappointment at the failure of Jesus Christ to appear in the clouds of heaven in 1843, he had been led to the conclusion that the second coming was past, and that Jesus was now present on the earth in the community of the Shakers. His processes, however satisfactory to himself or inconclusive to others, I do not propose to recount. Suffice it to say, that he had abandoned wife and children in consequence of his convictions, and superadded the character of martyr to that of apostle. He appeared deeply in earnest, and I believe impressed every hearer with the conviction that however deluded, he was thoroughly sincere.

When Brother Jacobs had ended, an ancient Shaker made a few remarks in a mumbling tone, apparently addressed to the brotherhood, and the meeting adjourned without day. It has been painful and humiliating to me from beginning to end, and I was glad to get once more under the open sky amidst the peaceful scenes of nature. Still, I am not sure that I could have calmed my mind sufficiently to have enjoyed the remainder of the day, had I not proceeded to the Columbia Hotel, Lebanon Springs, where dinner with some friends, and a quiet chat took off the edge of the impression and restored me to sanity.

The existence of Shakerism is a sad proof of the dangers of a narrow and literal interpretation of the scriptures. Supposing they find the institution of marriage prohibited there, at least by implication, they abandon the whole business of peopling the world to the wicked, forgetting the higher and older scripture written in our very constitutions. One thing is pretty clear; that the triumph of Shakerism must be the extinction of the human race and the total overthrow of the Creator's plans. What good a religion and form of worship will do when there are no people to believe and obey, it would be difficult to conceive. In that day, the only shaking will be that of dry bones, and the only spinning that of the earth on its axis. Its speedy arrival is not to be apprehended.

One thing however may be fairly said for the Shakers. They are universally reputed to be honest and fair in their dealings, and hospitable and kind to the poor and necessitous. The various products of their manufacturing skill are the best of their kind, and command the best price in the market. They are distinguished for their neatness, order and thrift, and in these respects furnish an example to the rest of the world.—He who would "prove all things and hold fast that which is good," should not omit in his researches to investigate Shakerism.

Yours. S.

HOW TO GET ALONG WITH NEIGHBORS.—'I once had a neighbor, who though a clever man, came to me one day, and said, 'Esquire White, I want you to come and get your geese away—'Why, said I, 'what are my geese doing?' 'They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it.' 'What can I do?' said I. 'You must yoke them.' 'That I have not time to do now,' said I; 'I do not see but they must run.' If you do not take care of them, I shall, said the clever shoemaker in anger. 'What do you say, Esq. White?' 'I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages.' 'Well,' said he, 'you will find that a hard thing, I guess.'

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squeeling among the geese. The next news from the geese was, that three of them were missing. My children went, and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes.

'Now,' said I, all keep still, and let me punish him. In a few days, the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them there but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them.

'Have you seen anything of my hogs?' said he.—'Yes, sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field.' 'In your field?' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'hogs love corn, you know—they were made to eat it.' 'How much mischief have they done?' 'O, not much,' said I.

Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

'Oh no,' said I, 'it can't be.' 'Yes,' said the shoemaker, 'and I will pay you every cent of damage.' 'No,' replied I, 'you shall pay me nothing.—My geese have been a great trouble to you.'

The shoemaker blushed, and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. 'No,' said I, 'I shall take nothing.'

After some talk, we parted; but in a day or two, I met him on the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemed loath to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said, 'I have something laboring on my mind.' 'Well what is it?' 'Those geese. I killed three of your geese and shall never rest till you know how I feel. I am sorry.' And the tears came in his eyes.

'Oh well,' said I, 'never mind, I suppose my geese were provoking.'

I never took anything of him for it; but whenever my cattle broke into his field, after this—he seemed glad—because he could show how patient he could be.

'Now,' said the narrator, 'conquer yourself, and you can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in no other way.'

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